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THE QUEEN'S SPEECH AND THE GENEVA
AWARD.

THE QUEEN'S Speech might have been written beforehand by any person who had paid ordinary attention to current political events; and three persons out of four would have expressed their meaning better. When Mr. GLADSTONE disclaimed any intention of singing a psalm in celebration of the Geneva Award, he might have confirmed his assertion by a reference to language which could not have found place in the libretto of any triumphant dithyrambic. It is strange that accomplished and scholastic statesmen should, year after year, ascribe to the QUEEN phraseology which might be pardoned if it were composed by a washerwoman. One of the strophes of Mr. GLADSTONE's alleged psalm is to the effect that acknowledgments are due to the German EMPEROR, who on this occasion is happily not mis-described as Emperor of GERMANY, and to the Geneva Arbitrators, for "the care bestowed" by them on the peaceful adjustment of controversies such as "could not but impede the full prevalence of national goodwill" in a case where it was especially to be cherished. It is not a defect in a QUEEN'S Speech that it should contain nothing new; but the course of the debate was altogether unexpected. Lord GRANVILLE indeed gave an explanation of the Russian negotiations which will afford general satisfaction, although it appears that Russia and England are not wholly agreed on the proposed line of demarcation. It would seem that in this case there is for the present nothing "to impede the full prevalence of national goodwill," though Mr. DISRAELI's invitation to the Russian Government to extend its inland dominions to the waters from which it is excluded may perhaps be misunderstood. There are no waters in Central Asia except the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, and both basins are already in possession of Russia. There is no reason to question the judgment which Lord GRANVILLE has displayed in the negotiation, as far as the course of transactions is at present known. The remainder of the Speech scarcely raised any discussion in either House, after the movers and seconders had displayed in the discharge of their functions unusual ability and promise. The Duke of RICHMOND justly censured various imprudent speeches which have been delivered during the recess; but on the whole Mr. DISRAELI's contemptuous sneer at village agitators was more effective than any detailed comment. If one or two of the agitators happened also to be Cabinet Ministers, they will now have learned that Mr. DISRAELI had for the moment forgotten their exalted position.

Although Parliament has plenty of work before it, it was pleased on the first night of the Session to occupy itself almost exclusively with a matter which has passed beyond its control. As the House of Commons will be required to provide money for the payment of the *Alabama* damages, it was proper that the result of the Arbitration should be noticed in the Speech; nor can any reasonable objection be raised to the substance of the paragraphs which in style exceed the ordinary license of slipshod composition. It is remarkable that no reference was made in the debate to one of the most seasonable statements in the Speech. As the American PRESIDENT asserted in his Message to Congress that the Arbitrators had, in accordance with the wish of the United States, given their decision on the Indirect Claims, the English Ministers properly record the fact that their QUEEN "was enabled to prosecute the inquiry in consequence of the exclusion of the Indirect Claims." There is no difference of opinion as to the propriety of the conduct of the Government in having evacuated the island of San Juan as soon as the German EMPEROR had delivered his award. The discussion which followed was long and animated, and scarcely in accordance with Parliamentary traditions. It has been generally supposed that controversies in which no practical

result can be attained ought to be pursued in less authoritative Assemblies. The provisions of the Treaty have been put in operation, the Arbitration is at an end; and yet Lord DERBY, Lord SALISBURY, and Lord CAIRNS, Mr. DISRAELI, and Mr. HORSMAN, and a host of other speakers, denounced the real and supposed miscarriages of the Government and the Washington Commissioners as earnestly as if the adoption or rejection of the Treaty were about to be submitted to Parliament. Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE's recommendation that "we should do no more than pay our money and put our vexation in our pocket" was the more appropriate because, after all, the advice will necessarily be followed. Mr. OSBORNE himself could not refrain from expressing in the strongest terms the vexation which is nevertheless to be pocketed. In his opinion the Treaty was "unfortunate in its conception, and more bungling in its conclusion, if possible, than in its conception"; but on his own showing he might have refrained from uttering useless lamentations. Mr. GLADSTONE afterwards reminded the House that Mr. OSBORNE had a year ago censured the Government for not voluntarily paying 6,000,000*l.* as damages instead of resorting to arbitration.

The only practical question in the debate was suggested by Mr. DISRAELI. In the Treaty of Washington both Governments covenant not only to abide for the future by the new Rules of international law, but to bring them under the notice of other Powers, and to endeavour to procure their adoption. It was at that time hastily assumed that the Rules themselves would be understood in their obvious meaning; or, rather, the English Commissioners had not anticipated the course which was afterwards pursued in the litigation. The Arbitrators, with the exception of the only competent lawyer in their body, thought fit to interpret the Rules in such a manner as to impose an intolerable burden on neutrals. The English counsel, whose contention was approved by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, endeavoured to show the unsoundness of the American arguments, and the impolicy of adopting their conclusions; but the authority of the Tribunal, such as it is, may henceforth be quoted by belligerents in support of the largest pretensions. Mr. DISRAELI properly inquired whether the English Government proposes, in accordance with the Treaty, to recommend to foreign Powers the adoption of the Rules, and, if so, whether the English construction or the Geneva version is to be recommended to their approval. Mr. LOWE's answer is utterly unsatisfactory when he declares that the Rules will be submitted to foreign Governments without note or comment, so that they may, if they accept them, affix to the text any meaning which may hereafter suit their policy or satisfy their judgment. Such a course might have been adopted before the Arbitration, but now it would be at the same time illusory and disconcerting. Diplomatic communications are not made in the curt and technical manner which is implied in Mr. LOWE's suggestion. If Lord GRANVILLE were to direct his Ambassador at Paris, or Berlin, or St. Petersburg to submit the Rules to the Government to which he was accredited, the question whether the English Government accepted the Geneva interpretation would inevitably be asked, nor could the necessity of an answer be evaded. When it was explained that the Arbitrators had committed a grave error in judgment, and that the English interpretation was expressed in the judgment of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, it would be an obvious remark that dubious and disputed rules of international law could not prudently be accepted. It would not be necessary to enter into the collateral squabble between Mr. LOWE and Mr. VERNON HARCOURT as to the more or less judicial attributes of arbitrators in general. Mr. LOWE is right in contending that the power of the arbitrator is limited to the particular case; and Mr. HARCOURT's statement that the award may be set aside if

it is founded on a legal error, is at the same time too wide and not relevant to the immediate question. The Geneva Arbitrators were not content with awarding large damages, for they also explained the principles on which they supposed the decision to rest. Any Government which might be invited to accept the new Rules could not but be aware that in the only case to which they had been applied they had given rise to a grave difference of opinion, and to conclusions which are at least serious, if not startling. England is, as Mr. LOWE truly declared at Glasgow, not bound in future to admit the validity of the gloss which was affixed by the Arbitrators to the Rules, but a similar result might perhaps follow from another litigation; and, on the other hand, the English Government could not as a belligerent consistently demand from a neutral concessions which it had in its own case resisted throughout the controversy. It seems impossible that the course to be pursued can be settled without further Parliamentary discussion. Mr. GLADSTONE's suggestion that there should be, if possible, an understanding with the American Government, will be futile in the highly probable case of a claim on the part of the United States, that the reasons as well as the results of the Geneva Award shall be admitted as binding and conclusive. The best mode of solving the difficulty would be to obtain the consent of the American Government to defer for an indefinite time the embarrassing communications required by the terms of the Treaty. It will be well if the elaborate debates of the first night of the Session are held to have exhausted the subject. Local taxation and land tenure will perhaps be found, if not more attractive, at least more pressing subjects of discussion. Nearly all the arguments against the Treaty and the Arbitration which were used in either House had long since been anticipated by writers who will now be better employed in dealing with projects of legislation than in reviving unsatisfactory reminiscences.

PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION.

THE QUEEN'S Speech consisted, as Mr. DISRAELI observed, of fifteen paragraphs, ten devoted to foreign and five to home matters. In the first division Central Asia and the Geneva Arbitration supplied topics of real interest, and secured full attention in the debate; while as to Zanzibar there was little to be said except what was said by Lord DERBY, that he admired the objects of the mission of Sir BARTLE FRERE, but hoped it would not lead us into too great expense. Nor, as the details of the French Treaty are still unknown, is it possible to do more than to echo the wishes rather than the expectations of the Opposition speakers, that it may be found, in the words of the Speech, to rest on a reciprocal and equal basis. The mention of the Belgian Extradition Treaty elicited from Mr. GLADSTONE the satisfactory information that negotiations are being carried on for a similar Treaty with Spain, the story of the *Murillo* having drawn attention to the fact well known, especially in commercial circles, that Spain is the happy hunting-ground of English criminals, and especially of English fraudulent debtors. The paragraph describing the state of the country was criticized by Lord DERBY as too rose-coloured, and it is quite true that there are elements of uncertainty in the future of English production which are enough to create grave anxiety; but still it is not going very far to say that the condition of the three kingdoms in regard to trade, pauperism, and crime may be pronounced generally satisfactory. At the same time the Speech informs us that the rise of prices will tell on the Estimates, although consumers of coal will be glad to learn, on the authority of the Cabinet, that the recent variations of price are of an exceptional nature. The list of measures to be introduced by the Government this Session had nothing in it to surprise any one, unless it were considered as significant of some change of purpose in the Ministry that the modifications which it is intended to introduce into the Education Act should be thought of sufficient importance to need notice in the QUEEN'S Speech. The great effort of legal reform will be the creation of a Supreme Court of Judicature. This is a task of immense magnitude and difficulty, for it will determine for long years, and perhaps for centuries, the course which English law is henceforth to take. It is to be observed that the question of appeals is treated as subsidiary to the question of the constitution of a Supreme Court; and this shows that Lord SELBORNE is determined to work in a very different path from that of his predecessor. Not only is he a stronger man as a politician and as a lawyer, but the time is more favourable to him, and he

has the advantage of Lord HATHERLEY's failures. Experience has shown that it is impossible to found a new Court of Appeal when the change stands by itself; for if the constitution of all other Courts is assumed to be satisfactory, the proposal for a new Court of Appeal practically degenerates into a discussion as to the efficiency with which the Law Lords perform their duties; and as the Lords decide the fate of the proposal, and the Law Lords guide the Lords, debates always end in the Law Lords voting that they do their duty to perfection. Lord SELBORNE has thus learnt that he has not much to lose by going much further, and trying to remodel the whole system of English judicature; for it is obvious that the proposal to establish a new Supreme Court involves the consideration of what is to be the relative position of all inferior Courts. The proposal also raises subsidiary questions of a very wide nature, questions on which there is much difference of opinion and much keen feeling, such as the advisableness of fusing Law and Equity, having one uniform system of civil procedure, and dividing the Bar into metropolitan and local sections. So many critics will be interested, so many opponents will be at once secret and bitter, so vigorous will be the open opposition, and so utterly uninformed is the public as to the merits of the question to be decided, that it may be safely said that, if in this Session Lord SELBORNE can carry the establishment of the Supreme Court, he can carry anything he pleases in the way of Law Reform.

The Irish Education Bill is to be the great measure of the Session. As Mr. DISRAELI said, it has a paragraph all to itself, and every one knows what that means. This paragraph is framed in very unexceptionable language, for it announces that the object of the Bill will be at once to promote sound learning and to respect the rights of conscience. How this is to be done is a secret which the Government has preserved with judicious jealousy. All the speakers who in either House moved and seconded the Address touched on the subject, and it may be remarked that all the speeches of these four unknown speakers were good, while that of Mr. STONE rose to an unusual degree of excellence. Something also was said on the subject by subsequent speakers with whose names the public is more familiar, and Lord DERBY, Mr. DISRAELI, and Mr. GLADSTONE made remarks which were not without significance. The general result of their remarks may be said to be that the difficulties of carrying a Bill which shall at once uphold sound learning and respect the rights of conscience are enormous, but that both parties are interested in seeing it carried, if possible. That the Ultramontane party should get what they want is entirely out of the question. It is not merely that they would, of course, like to get some form of concurrent endowment. They have not the slightest chance of getting it, and they know this, and may perhaps be content not to cry for the moon. But, as Lord MONTEAGLE justly observed, the State, in determining to promote sound learning, has virtually to decide what sound learning is, and the opinions of the Irish Ultramontane and the English Protestant are diametrically opposed on the question as to what sound learning means. The Ultramontane means by it learning which is in harmony with the teachings of his Church; the English Protestant means by it learning that embodies and promotes free, active, and serious thought. Half of the books which educated Englishmen habitually refer to as their standing intellectual food are on the Index, and to the Ultramontane mind time spent in studying them is time wasted or misspent in studying the writings of wicked or erring men. Mr. DISRAELI also took occasion to foreshadow the action of his party on another of the standing difficulties of the subject when he said that he trusted that a famous University would not be sacrificed to the mechanical mediocrity of a Board of Examiners. If a number of calm, fair, and educated men, equally free from bigotry and from a cowardly fear of the priests, were to meet to frame an Irish Education Bill, they would find it exceedingly difficult to arrive at an agreement or opinion that would lead to a Bill really adapted to the exigencies of the case; but when we add to the inherent difficulty of the subject the difficulty of combating the fierce prejudices of thousands of ignorant fanatics on both sides of the Channel, we are not far from the state of mind in which Lord DERBY was when he avowed his opinion that no satisfactory Bill on Irish education was possible. On the other hand, the Conservative party is as a party very much interested in not taking office with this vexed question remaining as an open sore. As Mr. GLADSTONE candidly observed, both he and Mr. DISRAELI had already burnt their fingers with Irish education, and neither could wish to burn them again. The opponents of the Government are therefore sure to let the Bill pass if they possibly can do so without alienating their adherents, and

this is the strongest ground for hope that the Government possesses.

The controversy on the Irish Education Bill is sure to be so protracted and so warm that Mr. STONE hinted a doubt whether there would be time for anything else, and especially for the discussion of so intricate a subject as Local Taxation. Besides measures on these two main subjects to be introduced in the Lower House, and the Bill for the establishment of a Supreme Court to be introduced in the Lords, the Government suggest, briefly, and with evident apprehension of never reaching them, many minor measures, the nature and extent of which they are so little able to foresee that they vaguely describe them as various other Bills for the improvement of the law. This raises an alarming prospect of boundless legislation, and, as Mr. DISRAELI pointed out, a happy accident prompted the framers of the Speech to proceed at once to make the QUEEN express a hope that Parliament might receive a special blessing to enable it to do its work. It will need a very special blessing if, in addition to doing all that the Government asks it to do, it is to carry a variety of other Bills for the improvement of the law. The nature of these minor measures was disclosed by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on the first night of the Session, when he asked for leave to bring in Bills to improve the jury system and to consolidate and amend the Law of Evidence. It is evident that the House of Commons is as ready to overwork and overtalk itself as ever. Sixty notices of motion were given on the first night, questions are to be asked on every conceivable subject, and the hobbies which private members disguise in the shape of Bills are innumerable. Mr. BRUCE is to take the dangerous question of the Rules of the Parks out of Mr. AYTON's hands, and possibly this may do something to mitigate the fierceness of the attack on Mr. AYTON which is impending. Possibly the little tempest which Mr. AYTON has roused may pass by, but what will be the character of the Session no one can say. It is certain that Parliament will do much less than it intends, and will do badly most of what it does; but whether the Session is to be a stormy one or not must mainly depend on the nature and reception of the Irish Education Bill.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

A DISCUSSION has lately been started as to the political and social relations of England and Germany, and some of the newspapers of both countries have been busy in explaining the reasons of the alienation of Englishmen and Germans which they assume to exist. The Germans have managed in an ingenious manner to connect the discussion with the Central Asia question, for they are pleased to suppose that the resolute attitude of England is in a great degree due to a wish on the part of Englishmen to show that they are not such poor creatures or so totally inferior to Germans as Germans might suppose. The air of unfriendly superiority thus assumed has led to remarks of corresponding unfriendliness on the part of English disputants, and at last the discussion got so warm that it was roundly asserted that Englishmen hate Germans, that Germans hate Englishmen, and that the main object of Prince BISMARCK's foreign policy is to excite his countrymen to hate, despise, and thwart England. But an imaginary quarrel cannot always be kept at a white heat; and calmer observers have already begun to recall the disputants to the preliminary question, whether this hatred of which they are expounding the causes really exists. Englishmen can only speak for England, and no reasonable Englishman can doubt that there is no hatred whatever of Germans in England. No foreigners make themselves so much at home in England, are so freely welcomed, or are associated with the nation by so many family ties as Germans. But although there is no feeling against Germans in England, it may be said that there is a feeling here against Germans generally, and that this lack of sympathy is fully returned in Germany. To a certain small extent this is true. The Germans are very shrewd and keen in business, and there is some commercial jealousy of them. English travellers do not find travelling in Germany so pleasant as travelling in France or Switzerland, and they resent the arrogance and bluntness of German officials and their incessant attention to formalities. Many Englishmen are filled with pity for the victims of the war in Alsace and Lorraine who are made German subjects against their will; and others are frightened at the supposed aggressiveness of Germans, and believe that Germany is plotting to annex Holland, establish a navy that will rival ours, and found or purchase or conquer colonies that

will be rivals and enemies of our colonies. The Germans are principally irritated against us because we furnished arms to France. With amusing candour they explain that they are not at all indignant with the Americans for doing exactly the same thing; and the reason they give is, that this is only what might have been expected of Americans, who do not affect high principles, but that England, to whom they long looked as a mirror of justice and high morality, might have been expected to lend no help whatever to a people like the French, who were waging a war monstrously and flagrantly unjust. Reasonable men in both countries talk differently, but it is the unreasonable people, the fussy traveller, the acute theorist with his warnings about Pondicherry and Java, the suffering parent or friend dwelling on the thought that the loved one died slain in France with an English bullet, who talk and use angry language, and will hear no reasoning that tells against them. From time to time such bursts of feeling will show themselves, but they soon pass by; for nations, except through the accidental follies of their rulers, are not guided in their substantial and permanent feelings by any but grave and deep considerations, and are not guided in their policy except by an attention to the large and abiding interests which they have to protect. As we think that the attractions of sentiment which unite Germans and Englishmen are of a very solid kind, and that the widest interests of the two nations are in many important respects identical, we do not much fear any breach of the friendship that unites them.

Religious and political similarities do not perhaps exercise so much influence in the world as they did in former times, but it is impossible to believe that this influence has died away, or is likely to die away, altogether. Germany and England have done and are doing so much for each other, and have so many points of religious and political sympathy, that they cannot be really hostile to each other, unless some very powerful dissolvent of their union should happen to be in operation. Germany gave us the Reformation, and England can never forget the debt. The two great Protestant Powers of Europe must necessarily have much in common. Nor do we fail in our generation to derive from Germany new fruits of the Reformation. The two great results of the Reformation were the adoption of the spirit of free inquiry in philosophy and religion, and the growth of physical science. At this hour quite as much as in the sixteenth century Germany is stimulating us in the path of free and laborious inquiry, and is devoting unwearied energy to the most minute and painful investigation of physical phenomena. Germany leads the van in the progress of lay as opposed to ecclesiastical education. On the other hand, England is rapidly teaching Germany the lessons of political freedom. It is to England that Germany looks as its mistress and model in free government, and it is only because Germany is not ready, although it is rapidly becoming ready for it, that Prince BISMARCK hesitates to introduce the English system of constitutional government into Germany. But this is not all. The two nations have a deep moral and intellectual kinship in another way. Both England and Germany, though with a distinct tendency towards liberty, have also a distinct tendency to conservatism, and have alike a fixed dread of anarchy. Both nations, although cherishing the spirit of free inquiry, have an abiding sense of the inextinguishable value of religion, and both have a strong tinge of unworldly enthusiasm. The epithets that describe the moral character of the one nation would with little alteration describe the moral character of the other. We should naturally speak of both nations as at once practical and poetical, earnest, grave, hard, domestic, charitable, reverent. Both are often unscrupulous, and both are prone to gushes of exuberant feeling. There are very few of the great interests of life which both do not substantially regard in the same way. War, for example, is looked upon very much in Germany as it is in England. Germany, like England, is ready to fight, and to fight hard, when occasion demands; but Germans hate war as much as Englishmen do. Neither nation has the military fever which has been the curse of modern France. It has been remarked over and over again that the conquerors of Sedan and Metz thought not of their victories, but of getting home. Neither nation has any scruple in appropriating the fruits of victory which it chooses to think too advantageous for it to forego. The Germans took and keep Alsace and Lorraine with the same imperturbable equanimity with which we took and keep Gibraltar and Malta. But neither nation likes to go to war for an idea, and neither nation can ever rid itself of the notion that to provoke war is to incur a terrible responsibility.

Still, however much the two nations may have in common, they may be stirred into wrath with each other by transient gusts of passion, and, however much their political interests may lie in the same direction, there might arise a divergence of interests, real or supposed, such as that which so nearly led to a rupture with regard to Denmark. But although we need not affect to think that Germany will always do as we could wish, always help us if we need help, or abstain from self-seeking and aggrandizement if too strongly tempted, it is nevertheless true that the interests of Germany and England are in the main the same. The only power in the Old World that we have to fear is Russia, and Germany is the only effectual ally against Russia that we could secure. If there is anything in Europe that we really wish to prevent, it is the absorption of Belgium by France, and the transfer to Russia of the command of the Danube. What we wish Germany wishes also, for the same reasons and with the same objects. This is the basis of our alliance with Germany—an alliance not very warm or demonstrative, but enduring, because it represents a permanent similarity of purpose. Each, too, needs the help of the other as far as the Eastern question goes. We can supply the fleet, and Germany the army, which a contest with Russia would need. Possibly for the present we better promote the substantial purposes of our alliance by not showing too much activity in each other's behalf. The Germans, for example, are often somewhat angry with us, because, in spite of the unjust war of 1870, we are very good friends with France, and have much sympathy with the misfortunes of that unhappy country. But in this we are really doing Germany a good turn. France is set, or thinks it is set, on a war of revenge. But the French know that a war of revenge would be madness unless some ally could be found to aid in carrying it to a successful issue, and the only possible ally that satisfies the necessary conditions is Russia. But a war in which France and Russia were arrayed against Germany would be so dangerous to the interests of England in the East that we could scarcely hope to keep out of it. The better friends we are with France, the more interests we have in common, the more intercourse and commerce bind Englishmen and Frenchmen together, the greater will be the indisposition of France to seek Russian aid in a war with Germany at the cost of forcing us to take the other side. Germany wants peace to be preserved, and England is always desirous that peace shall be preserved, and everything that England does to further the maintenance of peace is a gain to Germany. The imagination may of course be strained to invent situations in which the interests of Germany would run counter to those of England. It may be suggested that Germany will seize on Holland, that Germany will try to rival the English navy, that Germany will menace our Colonial Empire by founding one of her own. These are the merest vague possibilities. There is as little reason to believe that Germany would seize Holland as that it could all of a sudden invent a navy and colonies. To seize Holland simply because it might seem in some respects advantageous to do so would be as entirely opposed to the whole policy of Germany as to seize Egypt, which no doubt would be useful to us, would be opposed to English policy. Serious politicians cannot afford to wander in the path of vague surmises as to what would happen if a nation did something which it has apparently no intention of doing, or got something which it has apparently no chance of getting. They must bear in mind only what is actual or reasonably probable, and if speculation is kept within this limit, the result of reflection can scarcely fail to be that Germany and England are too closely bound to each other by community of interest for momentary huffs and jealousies to keep them very far apart whenever the larger issues of European policy are raised.

MANCHESTER ANXIETIES.

THE discussion of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce at its annual meeting was not of a cheerful character. There have been many indications of an approaching decline or collapse of commercial prosperity, and it now appears that the staple trade of Lancashire is no longer in a flourishing condition. A rise of 120 per cent. in the cost of coal and of twenty per cent. in the cost of raw cotton forms a heavy deduction from the profits of the manufacture; and Mr. HUGH MASON, President of the Chamber, denounced with passionate vehemence an agitation for a reduction of the hours of labour of women and children. Several of the speakers expressed a not unnatural feeling of irritation at the interference of strangers with the management of business with which

they possess no technical acquaintance; and perhaps they may remember their own dislike to intruders when they are hereafter invited to sympathize with the supposed wrongs of the farmer or the agricultural labourer. Although it had been announced that the Chamber was studiously neutral in politics, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT in a purely political speech exhorted the Chamber to co-operate in the movement for the alteration of the tenure of land. Manchester manufacturers and merchants will be well advised in hesitating before they concur in disturbing any kind of property. The present agitation against landowners may, when it has accomplished its immediate object, be easily diverted into an attack upon capital; nor indeed are the leaders of the Trade Unions careful to conceal their designs on the property of the employers. In dealing with their own concerns the members of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce seem to be sounder economists than the South Wales ironmasters. The President admitted that a rise of wages in the cotton trade had been justified, not by an increase of the profits of the millowners, but by an extended demand for labour which had legitimately raised its price. The workmen in the cotton trade have not yet begun deliberately to restrict production in the hope of raising prices, and of consequently increasing profits to be divided between the manufacturer and the artisan; but in Manchester as elsewhere the relations between masters and men are unsettled and precarious.

The numerous protests which were uttered against the new Commercial Treaty with France were natural, just, and useless. It is perfectly true that M. THIERS's policy is retrograde and short-sighted, that a tax on raw materials is injurious to industry, and that the manufacturers of Rouen show no disposition to meet the English Free-traders in a spirit of reciprocity. It is vexatious that Frenchmen who to the utmost of their power exclude English cotton fabrics from their markets should have full liberty to buy cotton-wool at Liverpool, and to sell cotton goods in London; but all these matters are exclusively in the power of foreigners, except that it would be possible to practise retaliation, to the injury not only of the perverse French manufacturer, but of the innocent English consumer. As the Manchester Chamber of Commerce is not likely to recommend any return to the policy of Protection, it seems scarcely worth while to complain of the conduct of the French Government. One member of the Chamber regretted that the Treaty had been negotiated at the Foreign Office rather than at the Board of Trade; but it is difficult to understand what information or facility could have been commanded by Mr. FORTESCUE which has not been at the disposal of Lord GRANVILLE. The protective duties which are sanctioned and limited by the Treaty might have been imposed without limit or restriction if the English Government had refused to proceed with the negotiation; and probably the whole question is not regarded by the Lancashire millowners as one of primary importance. It would be desirable, if it were possible, to obtain free access for English cotton goods into France; but the competition of French fabrics in English markets is insignificant, and under Mr. COBDEN's Treaty the export trade of the district with France was comparatively trifling. English producers will probably find some compensation for the exclusive policy of France in the discouragement under a protective system of French fabrics in neutral markets. The scarcity and high price of raw cotton is a far more serious impediment to the prosperity of Lancashire than any obstructive tariff; but it may reasonably be doubted whether the admission of one or more Manchester manufacturers into the Indian Council would tend to increase the supply. It might perhaps be worth while to try the experiment, if it were distinctly understood that the permanence of the arrangement would depend on its practical result. There is reason to fear that Indian cotton is more likely to become dearer than to become cheaper. The rapid increase of manufacturing establishments on the banks of the Hooghly is not of good omen for the export trade of Lancashire, although the rising industry of India is at present employed on coarser substances than cotton.

Nearly all the members of the Chamber who took part in the discussion spoke with anxiety both of the agitation for a reduction of the hours of labour and of the high price of coal, which, according to one of the speakers, is equivalent to an extra halfpenny per pound in the price of cotton. The coal trade affords the most forcible and the most painful illustration of the tendency of high wages and short hours of labour to diminish production. In the Report for the second half-year of 1871 the Directors of the North Staffordshire Railway state that "the trade of North Staffordshire is most seriously affected by the diminished supply

"of coal. Although the price is excessive, and manufacturers willing to pay it, the out-put of coal is so much lessened by shorter hours of labour that potters and ironmasters are working short time. . . . Coal, however, is now being imported from other districts." The necessity for importing coal into a coal-field is a remarkable proof of the blessings which result from the reversal of the former relations between capital and labour. It is not surprising that manufacturers should feel but little enthusiasm in favour of projects for securing the working classes against the acts or defaults of employers. The Board of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce had proposed in their Report to petition Parliament for stringent clauses in the Masters and Servants Bill, for the purpose of ensuring the full payment in money of weekly wages. On a division the recommendation was rejected by the Chamber as an unnecessary interference with freedom of contract. By one of the proposed clauses employers were to have been prohibited from deducting from the wages any amount of rent which might be due. It may be presumed that there are plausible arguments for a suggestion proceeding from the directing Board of the Manchester Chamber; but, if the condition of workmen is such that they are entitled to exemption from the ordinary provisions of law, their advocates ought to understand that they have not established a charge of injustice when they have shown that workmen are in some respects subjected to special liabilities. Mr. CROMPTON has repeated, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, under the title "Class Legislation," the statements and arguments which he lately addressed to the Trade Unions' Congress at Leeds. He denounces as an intolerable grievance the provisions of the Masters and Servants Act by which breach of contract on the part of workmen is made punishable by imprisonment. The expediency and justice of any law are proper subjects of discussion; but the controversy is not settled by the allegation that the liability is not reciprocal. If the master improperly dismisses the workman, damages may be recovered by the injured party; but there is no use in bringing an action against a workman who has deserted his employment. Mr. CROMPTON indeed proposes "a juster law for enforcing the payment of penalties against the poor"; but in many cases workmen, when they break their engagements, migrate to other districts; and the distress to which their families are reduced when labour is interrupted would generally render the recovery of penalties impossible. When the present law is put in force, only a few ringleaders are prosecuted; but the imposition of penalties, if it is to have any effect, must be indiscriminate and universal. If workmen require Truck Acts and Acts to enforce the payment of wages in money, they must be prepared for legislation to enforce their duties as well as their rights. One of Mr. CROMPTON's proposals for the benefit of Trade Unions is that "no conspiracy to commit an act for which a maximum penalty is already imposed by statute shall subject any person to a greater or other penalty than that which is so imposed." If Mr. CROMPTON means that the proposed enactment shall apply to all cases, it may be answered that a momentous change in the criminal law ought not to be introduced for the convenience of a single class which may be especially liable to engage in conspiracies. If, on the other hand, the provision is to affect only trade conspiracies, the proposal, whatever may be its merits, certainly partakes of the nature of class legislation. It is possible that the leaders of the Trade Unions may be mistaken in their belief that unlimited license, combined with exceptional privileges, would promote the interest of the workmen. The commercial and industrial greatness of England has grown up under conditions which the Trade Unions desire not to modify, but to subvert. It may well be that the profits which the workmen desire to share may be largely reduced, if not ultimately annihilated, by the destruction of industrial discipline and by the diminution of labour. In all quarters the disastrous consequences of the successful struggle of the colliers are causing distress and alarm. Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG at Newcastle and Messrs MINTON in Staffordshire show how the reduction in the supply of coal is sapping the foundations of the national prosperity by rendering production dearer or more difficult. The cotton workmen of Lancashire will perhaps soon be forced to recognize the injury to themselves which may be caused by the successful efforts of another class of workmen to reduce their hours of labour. It is no consolation to the general community to be assured that the coalowners have profited by the restriction of supplies which has been effected by the workmen.

FRANCE.

THE Committee of Thirty might lead a pleasant life if it were not for M. THIERS. They exercise for the time being all that constituent power of which the Assembly has shown itself so jealous. They are beyond the reach of furious debates, and in so small a body the majority can thoroughly realize that it is a majority. In the Assembly itself there is necessarily some uncertainty as to the result of even the best prepared division; but when there are only thirty members to be consulted, and twenty of them can be trusted to vote one way, there is a constant assurance of safety which must be inexpressibly soothing to storm-tost Conservatives. All would go well if they could only be dispensed from these terrible interviews with the PRESIDENT. He is externally polite and considerate; he expresses the utmost deference for the views of the Committee; he accepts with a few alterations here and there all the restrictions they wish to impose upon him; he is constantly protesting his desire to live in absolute agreement with them. But then these few alterations here and there have an unfortunate way of going to the very root of the matter. To be sure it is merely a question of introducing or omitting a word; only the word is always an important one. The draft comes out of M. THIERS's hands very little changed in form, but absolutely changed in substance. The interview on Monday was unusually bitter in this way. It seems probable that the Committee genuinely believed that M. BROËT's proposal would be accepted by the PRESIDENT. They had first, therefore, the annoyance of agreeing upon a compromise, and then the further annoyance of finding that their labour had been thrown away. Possibly M. THIERS feels his position in the Assembly stronger than it was a fortnight ago, and is consequently indisposed to submit to restrictions which, when M. BROËT's proposal was first talked of, he thought might not be intolerable. M. BROËT wished to save the dignity of the Committee by giving the Assembly a nominal right to refuse to hear the President, and as this right would have been exercised under the same terrible sanction as any other right which the Assembly claims against M. THIERS, it would certainly have been suffered to lie in abeyance. M. THIERS now declares in effect that even this appearance of restraint, this mere shadow of silence, is disagreeable to him, and accordingly he furnishes the Committee with a modified version of their Article on Interpellations. The draft of this modification, if it were set out in plain words, would be something of this sort. The President of the Republic communicates with the Assembly in writing; but he may communicate with it by word of mouth whenever, as often as, and on what subjects he pleases. The exception does not prove the rule; it is the rule. That which purports to be the rule is merely so much surplusage. It is as though the Committee had said in the first instance that M. THIERS must not call in person on the Assembly, but send in writing anything he wishes to say, and then in the next sentence had allowed him to call, provided that he always sends up his card instead of giving his name to the servant. Of course the form in which this is expressed is sufficiently decorous. The President is to be heard when the interpellations addressed to a Minister and the petitions addressed to the Assembly relate to foreign affairs, but not when they relate to home affairs. In the latter case each Minister will answer for himself. But if the Council of Ministers are of opinion that the questions raised relate to the general policy of the Government, and so involve the responsibility of the President, he is to be heard even upon home affairs. M. THIERS is willing to accept M. BROËT's amendment, provided that M. BROËT will recast it in this sense. Considering that the gist of that amendment, the one thing that gave it a right to exist, was the reservation to the Assembly of the decision when M. THIERS should be heard, and that M. THIERS now declares that he can only accept it on condition that the decision is transferred from the Assembly to the President, M. BROËT will perhaps not think it worth while to bestow any further trouble on it. M. THIERS is not now willing even to leave the Chamber as soon as he has spoken. He insists that he shall be allowed to remain till the debate is over, and to interpose such further corrections and explanations as he thinks necessary. After this clear enunciation of M. THIERS's views, the Committee will probably be anxious to bring their labours to an end as soon as possible. It seems to be understood that they have given up the idea of carrying the points at issue between them and M. THIERS before the Assembly. They know how certain the PRESIDENT is to have the advantage in that arena, and they wisely decline to court a useless defeat.

It appears from M. THIERS's speech at the sitting of the Committee on Wednesday that the Government is prepared with a scheme for the construction of a Second Chamber. M. THIERS's last theory on the subject is that the guarantees which are to secure the conservative character of this body are to be sought not so much in the electors as in the elected. The same persons who vote for the Assembly are to vote for the Second Chamber, but their choice is to be restricted to candidates who fulfil certain conditions. This combination of the ideas of an official Senate and a Representative Body is perhaps as likely to succeed as any other suggestion that could be made. The truth of the matter is that nobody in France except M. THIERS seems to believe in a Second Chamber, and that nobody quite knows why M. THIERS insists on believing in it. He has certainly taken pains that the members of it shall not be so distinguished as to overshadow the popular House. The electors, it seems, are to choose deputies who have been such for five years—after which time a man may be trusted not to wish to leave the Assembly, unless he has been more or less of a failure in it; members of former Assemblies—who have either failed to get re-elected, or have not felt confidence enough in themselves to try the experiment; Presidents of Tribunals and Chambers of Commerce—who rarely trouble themselves about politics; and men who have filled superior positions in public departments—and may therefore be trusted not rashly to oppose the Government for the time being. The elements of a distinguished Chamber do not seem to be forthcoming here in anything like dangerous abundance. A body so constituted may be of use in the practical business of legislation, but it will not have much chance of being listened to—perhaps it will rarely have time to speak—in those political convulsions in which the moderating influence of a Second Chamber is conventionally supposed to be valuable. The Committee is more really interested, no doubt, in modifying the law under which the First Chamber is elected than in providing a check to its action when elected. That some change will be made may be taken as certain, since M. THIERS has told the Committee that a new election cannot possibly be held with the law as it stands. The Radical journals are wonderfully constant in their support of the PRESIDENT, but they would hardly have declared themselves satisfied with this declaration if they had not felt assured that the alterations contemplated by the Government do not really effect any transfer of power. Nothing indeed can be more cautious than M. THIERS's own language upon this point. He frankly admits that he used to be very much afraid of universal suffrage, and he does not profess to have any very high opinion of it now. But the events which paved the way for the Empire have taught him that, if universal suffrage is a dangerous servant, it is a still more dangerous enemy. The law of the 31st May, 1851, put a weapon into the hands of NAPOLEON III. of which the authors of the Bill were the first to feel the force. If the Assembly had not reduced the number of the electors, it would have been difficult for the PRINCE PRESIDENT to put himself forward as the champion of universal suffrage against a factious and oligarchical minority. The fruit of the Assembly's policy was seen in the indifference with which the working-men of Paris at first regarded the *Coup d'état*, and in the ease with which a condonation of it was afterwards obtained. A Legislature which undertakes to restrict the suffrage confesses that it does not possess the confidence of a portion of the constituencies which in name it represents. Either this portion is an insignificant fraction of the electoral body, or it is an appreciable element of it. In the first case it can do but little mischief anywhere; in the latter case it will do more mischief outside the Assembly than it is ever likely to do inside. The recollection of the plebiscites still casts a certain halo round the memory of the Empire. Nothing would do so much to give this halo a revived radiance as a measure which should enable the Bonapartists to say that the Assembly, conscious of the Imperialist leanings of the French people, had tried to deny them the means of expression. Whatever reason educated politicians may have to distrust universal suffrage, they cannot do a less wise thing than seem to be afraid of it in a country where it has been in uninterrupted operation for two-and-twenty years.

THE LAST PROPOSAL OF THE EDUCATION LEAGUE.

A MEETING of the Education League in London just before the opening of Parliament may be considered as expressing the Secularist ultimatum. On this ground the resolutions adopted at Exeter Hall on Tuesday deserve careful

examination. They set out the changes in the Education Act which the Government must propose if they do not wish to quarrel with the Nonconformist section of the Liberal party. These changes are the repeal of the 25th clause, the universal establishment of School Boards and of compulsory attendance at school, the abolition of school fees, and the application of public funds and local rates to the teaching of secular knowledge alone. Here is a perfectly consistent and intelligible programme. Let us consider what consequences are involved in the acceptance of it.

It may be well to say at starting that the proposals of the League are not in our judgment theoretically open to the objections on religious grounds which are usually brought against them. On the contrary, they might in their abstract form be accepted by the Denominationalists without any detriment whatever to the efficacy of Denominational teaching. The Church of England and every other religious body which cares to present the articles of its belief to the minds of young children would have substantially the same opportunities of doing so under the arrangement proposed by the League that it has now. The only difference would be that the zeal which the clergy now display in raising money to teach other things beside religion would then be altogether available for raising money to teach religion, and the effect would probably be seen in a fresh outburst of Denominational energy. If the League were given all that they ask, their Nonconformist supporters might before long regret that they had been so ill advised as to relieve the Denominationalists of so heavy a burden. If no other interests were at stake than those of contending educational theorists, the Secularists and the Denominationalists might safely be left to fight out their battle for themselves. If the Denominationalists won, they would keep what they have; if they were beaten, they would get more than they have. Either issue is one with which we should be perfectly well satisfied. But there are other interests at stake. The changes demanded by the League are too radical in their nature not to exercise a very decided influence for good or evil on the elementary education of the country. The repeal of the 25th clause of the Education Act, about which so much has been said, becomes a trifling matter when compared with the universal establishment of free schools. It has often been insisted that, if School Boards refuse to pay the fees of indigent children in attendance at Denominational schools, they must be prepared to build a school within reach of every such child. But if schools free to all comers are once set up, it will be impossible to stop anywhere short of building a school within reach of every child requiring elementary education. A free school for a few children chosen at random is an anomaly. The only means of insuring that no parent shall be forced to send his child to a Denominational school when he would prefer a secular school is to set up secular schools in sufficient numbers to take in the whole population falling within the school age. It is no wonder that, with such a design as this in his brain, Mr. DIXON should repudiate economy in education. He is ready to throw upon the community the whole cost of educating the children in elementary schools between the ages of five and thirteen. The money which is now derived from school fees, and the money which is now obtained from voluntary subscription, are to be alike sacrificed. The State, which now bears perhaps a third of the expense, is in future to bear the whole. Nor is it surprising that Mr. DIXON, having made up his mind so far, should further propose to throw a large proportion of this burden upon the Imperial revenues. It is his only chance of raising the money. To ask the ratepayers to educate every poor child in the country out of their own pockets would be tantamount to postponing the further consideration of the education question until after the people had been educated. Even as things stand now, with a great part of the work done by private energy, the difficulty of working the Education Act in country districts will often be very great. In many cases an unexpressed compromise has been arrived at by which the parson and the squire find most of the money, and in return have the control of the education given in the parish. It might not be difficult to disturb this settlement by stirring up the farmers to insist upon the control of the education being made over to them; but so far as they took up this cry, it would be under the influence of a hazy notion that the money would somehow go on being provided as usual. On the occasion of the rate-collector's next visit this little error would be set right, and the result of the correction would probably be seen in a bonfire crowned by Mr. DIXON's effigy, and in the return at the next School Board election of members deeply pledged to cut down the education rate. In theory of course the Education Department might make this

policy of no avail. It has ample powers to step in and do the work whenever the local authorities refuse to do it or do it inadequately. But it is one thing to take this course in a few flagrant instances, and quite another thing to take it as part of the regular working of the Education Act.

It argues a real advance in Mr. DIXON's knowledge of the subject that he should have discerned these difficulties in the way of paying for a system of universal free education out of the rates. Such progressive enlightenment gives ground for hope that when he has thought a little more he will see difficulties equally serious in the way of paying for it out of the Queen's taxes. A proposal to save an outlay from becoming unpopular by throwing it upon the Imperial revenue usually involves the assumption that the taxpayers will either not feel the additional burden, or will not distinguish the particular object for which it is imposed from the general mass of national expenditure. Within certain moderate limits this assumption is no doubt correct. This very question of education supplies an instance. Had the grant in aid of voluntary schools been raised by rates, it would never have gone on unchallenged for so many years. But it is impossible that such an outlay as that contemplated by Mr. DIXON should be kept within moderate limits. On the hypothesis that the burden would not be felt, there would be no check to its increase. Each district would understand that in proportion as it increased its school accommodation and raised its standard of education, it would be enabled to put its hand more deeply into the national pocket. A very few years of this process would raise the Education estimate to a sum which would entirely derange the customary calculations of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Either some very large item of our present expenditure would have to be cut off, or the public revenue would have to be permanently increased. The first alternative is all but impossible. So long as the state of the world remains what it is, there can be no considerable diminution in the military and naval estimates, and all suggestions pointing to economy on a large scale almost invariably imply a saving in one or other of these directions. The second alternative would therefore have to be resorted to. An additional fourpence in the pound of Income-tax might meet the need, at all events for some time. But as soon as the taxpayer thoroughly comprehended that this additional strain had been put on solely to satisfy the crotchets of the Education League, he would become quite as restive under it as the ratepayer. Turn it what way you will, the question in the end comes to this—Is the country to be educated on the existing system, with the Denominations finding a large part of the cost in return for certain not very important concessions, and with the parents of the children educated finding another large part? Or is a brand new system to be substituted according to which both these sources of supply are to be closed, and the whole cost thrown on the community? In point of symmetry, and even of economy—meaning by economy the proportion between expenditure and results—the latter system may have the advantage. But it has one disadvantage which in the eyes of unprejudiced persons will more than counterbalance this superiority. If elementary education were thus handed over *en bloc* to the community, the chances are that Englishmen would remain uneducated.

Still in the interests of educational progress it is greatly to be desired that the present controversy should, if possible, be amicably settled. There is not much chance that the League will formally withdraw the demand which it has formulated after so much preparation. But it may be that the members individually are more open to reason than the members collectively. In the hope that this may be the case, we venture to offer one suggestion. There is an intelligible distinction between Denominational schools regarded as vehicles of secular instruction and Denominational schools regarded as vehicles of religious instruction. There can be no objection to additional precautions being taken to insure that public money shall only be given them in the former character, equivalent precautions being also taken to protect the freedom of the religious teaching. If this object is not already secured, by all means let it be secured. Any proposals of the League or its members which point in this direction deserve, and would be sure of receiving, the careful attention of the Government.

SPAIN.

IF King AMADEO and his infant heir survive for a few years, it seems possible that the dynasty may at last be established. The KING has no need of dividing that he may govern, for the division is ready to his hand. In Spain even

more than in France no faction will, except for some temporary intrigue, either coalesce with another or submit to the decision of the majority. A few weeks ago a serious danger threatened the existing Government through the declaration of the Duke of MONTPENSIER that he had waived his own pretensions to the Crown in favour of his nephew. Some of the principal personages in the State and the army, including TOPETE and SERRANO, have always supported the claims of the Duke of MONTPENSIER, while a large party adheres to the cause of the exiled QUEEN and her son. Although the Conservatives are powerless in the present Cortes, they had a large majority in the last, and their leaders possess much social and political influence. Fortunately for the Government, before the fusion could produce any practical result, it had already burst asunder. Under some provocation which is not clearly explained, the Duke of MONTPENSIER has withdrawn his allegiance from Don ALFONSO, on the pretext that the expulsion of the QUEEN was caused by her personal and political misconduct. If the fusion had at one time a real existence, it seems a capricious proceeding to declare that it is at an end on grounds which were equally valid when the two Pretenders thought fit to unite their interests. Any attempt which might have been made to patch up the quarrel has been rendered useless by a violent answer returned by the QUEEN. Her opinion is, not that she was dethroned by her own fault, but that she and her son were the victims of her brother-in-law's irregular ambition. It has always been believed that the Duke furnished pecuniary aid to the promoters of the Revolution of September; and he would probably have succeeded to supreme power, either as Regent or as King, if PRIM had not assumed the control of affairs and overruled the wishes of TOPETE and SERRANO. The irritation of the QUEEN, though excusable, is highly impolitic, inasmuch as the hostility or neutrality of the partisans of the Duke of MONTPENSIER might seriously affect her chance of success, if, in the conflict of parties, there were any opening for a BOURBON restoration. The Duke can scarcely be regarded as a competitor for a throne to which he has no hereditary claim. As a foreigner he is unpopular; and his reputed love of money has not tended to dissipate Spanish dislike. The utmost that he can do will be, with the aid of his personal followers, to impede or to further the pretensions of his nephew. Perhaps his motive for producing a rupture with the ex-QUEEN may have been a desire to release himself from the dangerous liability of conspiring in favour of a restoration. For the present he has rendered the only service in his power to King AMADEO, who perhaps shares with the Republicans the satisfaction of watching the squabbles of the hostile Royalist factions. It is possible that the birth of a son in the place at Madrid may diminish the popular prejudice against an alien. A Republican orator lately drew an absurd comparison between King AMADEO and JOSEPH BONAPARTE, whose personal merits, as he said, never reconciled the country to the dominion of a Frenchman. It was not thought worth while to remark that JOSEPH's title was exclusively founded on the dictation of NAPOLEON, who had made himself temporarily master of Spain by a series of acts of unprecedented violence and perfidy. King AMADEO would never have set foot in Spain if he had not been invited by the representatives of the nation, who had a short time before been elected with the express mandate of selecting a prince to fill the vacant throne. The reasons against preferring Don ALFONSO or any other Spaniard were deemed by the Cortes conclusive, and it therefore only remained to look abroad for a King. By universal admission King AMADEO is personally superior to any of his rivals; and he may now perhaps profit by the accident which has made his infant son a native-born Spaniard.

The chronic insurrection of the Carlists in the Northern provinces has once more commenced. It is stated that the leaders rely on the unpopularity of the Government which has arisen from the recent enforcement of the legal conscription, and that they also rely on the embarrassment which may be occasioned by Republican disturbances in the great towns and in the South. It seems a mistake on their part to have waited till the late revolt of the extreme Republicans at Malaga and other places had been suppressed; but the Carlist bands seem to be unusually numerous, and they have in many places intercepted communication. San Sebastian, no longer a fortress, was thought to be in danger, though it is highly improbable that irregular troops would attempt permanently to occupy a peninsular position where their retreat might be cut off by an inferior force acting in concert with two or three vessels of war. There seems to be no doubt that in parts of Biscay, and of one or two other Northern provinces, there

prevails a feeling of attachment to the male line of the BOURBONS, combined perhaps with a stronger distaste for modern innovations and new forms of government. That with the aid of irregular bands, commanded in many cases by warlike priests, the Duke of MADRID should establish himself on the throne of Spain seems to be wholly impossible; but his party is evidently strong enough to give much trouble to the Government at a time when there is elsewhere an extraordinary drain on its military resources. If the adherents of ISABELLA and ALFONSO have any definite plans, they probably rely on the defection of a portion of the army rather than on a popular enthusiasm for their cause which has certainly no existence. In her letter to the Duke of MONTPENSIER the QUEEN openly avows her determination to encourage any conspiracy or movement in her favour which may seem to offer a reasonable prospect of success. The partisans of her family at Madrid are scarcely more reticent; and they lose no opportunity of reminding the KING by personal slights that they no longer recognize his title. The present Ministers exhibited excessive indulgence when one of their number boasted in the Cortes that any member was at liberty to declare his preference either for a rival dynasty or even for a Republic. Every Government ought, as long as it exists, to assume to itself a sort of divine right, by treating all dispute of its title as a political offence. The Duchess of TORRE, wife of Marshal SERRANO, lately refused to act as godmother to the infant Prince of ASTURIAS, on the offensive ground that, belonging to a Creole family in Cuba, she could not countenance a Sovereign who menaced the institutions of her native island.

In the meantime ZORRILLA's policy is consistent with prudence as well as with principle. In prosecuting his scheme of emancipation he has temporarily rallied the Republicans to his side; and it may be supposed that intelligent and patriotic Spaniards can appreciate the difference between a great and beneficent public measure and the wretched and selfish objects which are pursued by the various sections of the Opposition. In one of the most famous and most statesmanlike of his speeches DEMOSTHENES reproved the Athenians for following, after the manner of an awkward boxer, every blow after it had been delivered by guarding the place against which it had been directed. Sound policy required that they should resolve beforehand on their political and strategical plans, and choose their own points of attack, instead of servilely following the movements of PHILIP. Although an Alfonsist lately asserted that by abolishing slavery in Porto Rico the Ministers were providing recruits for the Carlist forces, the true method of weakening the adversaries of the dynasty is to prove that the Government can be vigorous in legislation for the colonies even while it is harassed by factious disturbances at home. In spite of the clamour of partisans and the invectives of their journals, it can scarcely be doubted that the abolition of slavery will be popular in Spain, if only ZORRILLA can remove the suspicion that he is acting under foreign dictation. There is reason to hope that Mr. FISH's characteristic diplomacy has failed in its effect through excess of astuteness. The publication of the despatch of October 29, which had never been presented at Madrid, was too transparent a contrivance. Mr. BANKS, as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee in the House of Representatives, has for a similar purpose introduced a string of resolutions urging the PRESIDENT to interfere in various ways with the domestic administration of Cuba. Prudent Spanish politicians, instead of gratifying the hopes of their American advisers by angrily rejecting their counsels, will appreciate the necessity of depriving them of their latest pretext for coveting the possession of Cuba. The passage of the Emancipation Bill through the Cortes will be greatly facilitated by the announcement that the project has been favourably received in Porto Rico, where the slaves will probably be liberated during the present year. It is reported that even in Cuba the proprietors of slaves have begun to consider the expediency of immediate emancipation. They cannot but prefer a liberal compensation for the loss of their property to the total loss which has been suffered by their neighbours in the Southern States of the American Union. If their island were forcibly annexed, they would be inevitably exposed to the same fate; nor is it absolutely certain that they will be able to rely hereafter on just and liberal treatment at the hands of the Spanish Legislature. If the extreme Republicans were unfortunately even for a short time in the possession of the Government, fanatics who propose the wholesale expropriation of landowners and capitalists would not be disposed to offer compensation for the emancipation of slaves. Whatever may be the result of the present movement in Cuba, it is impossible that the colony should for any long

time refuse to follow the example of Porto Rico. If ZORRILLA succeeds in relieving Spain and the Colonies from a scandal which is at the same time a danger, he will deserve, and he will probably receive, the gratitude and esteem of his countrymen.

CANADA.

THERE is a curious infatuation which sometimes leads people to go out of their way to touch on subjects which for every reason had better be left alone. There is a well-known story of CHARLES LAMB visiting the relations of a lady on the day she was to be hanged. He had been expressly cautioned not to allude to the circumstance even in the most remote manner, and he was particularly anxious not to do so; but its magical influence was too strong for him, and in the midst of conversation he could not help suddenly looking at his watch and blurting out, "Ah, well, I suppose it is all over with poor Miss BLANDY now." Everybody must have noticed something of the same kind in private life; how people with the strongest personal reasons for avoiding particular topics are almost certain to rush straight at them as if impelled by an irresistible destiny. It is difficult to explain the recurrence of the *Times* to the question of Canadian independence except as an aberration of this sort. Anybody who happened to recollect that a few months ago the *Times*, in an odd fit of reckless and rather brutal cynicism, had published an article telling the Canadians that it would be well for them and for us to part company, and urging them to take measures accordingly, must have thought that, of all subjects in the world, this was about the last that the *Times* would be desirous of bringing into recollection. The article had been a three days' wonder. What was said about it on all hands showed plainly enough how little it reflected the actual opinion of the country, and it naturally excited surprise that such a prudent and circumspect journal as the *Times* should have been led astray in this manner. There was nothing very novel in the argument of the article; it had been heard in other quarters often enough before, and was remarkable only for the place where it appeared; like the fly in amber, it made one wonder how the devil it got there. In these days, however, the world moves fast, and even *Times*' articles are speedily forgotten. What evil spirit prompted the *Times* to rake up again this luckless article? Mr. TENNYSON, it is true, in an ode to the QUEEN, had referred not very respectfully to "a strain to shame us" which had lately been heard concerning Canada:—

"Keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! Friends, your love
Is but a burthen; loose the band and go."

But the Laureate mentioned no names, and there was no need for the *Times* to fit the cap on its head, and to cry "That's me." When a mistake has been made the best course is either to apologize promptly or allow the error to be forgotten. Unfortunately the *Times* not only revives the memory of its slip, but tries to justify it.

It is hardly worth while to inquire how far the account which the *Times* now gives of its opinions on the question accords with the strong language and painfully clear and obvious meaning of the incriminated article. It would have been well if the *Times* had been prepared, not merely to soften and qualify, but to retract altogether, the advice which it presumed to offer to the Canadians in the name of England. The *Times* assures us that all it has said, or intended to say, was that, as Canadian interests were not done justice to during the Anglo-American negotiations, it was time for the Canadians to look after their own interests for themselves. Canadian Ministers hang too much on the lips of English statesmen, and the Dominion suffers from complications from which it would be freed if it took up its independence. Therefore the *Times* repeats its former counsel:—"Take up your freedom; your days of apprenticeship are over." "A Canadian" has answered these arguments in a very able and moderate letter. He challenges the statements of the writer of the article, and disputes his conclusions. It appears that the Canadians are under the impression that they already enjoy freedom, and they have a difficulty in understanding what is meant by apprenticeship. In the discussions between the Colonial and Home Governments in regard to tariff legislation, the negotiations with the Hudson's Bay Company, provisions for colonial self-defence, arrangements for coinage, registration of shipping, tonnage-tax on American fishing vessels, patents, copyright, and similar subjects, Canadian Ministers, so far from hanging servilely on the lips of English statesmen, have always struck out an independent line for themselves and adhered to it steadily.

The spiritless subserviency of Canadian Ministers is probably about the last complaint that is likely to be made against them by the Colonial Office. It cannot be denied that the refusal of compensation for the Fenian raids was an injustice to the Canadians; but the fault lay with the Americans, and not with the English Government. The question for the Canadians was whether they would refuse all the benefits of a settlement of disputes between the English and American Governments for the sake of a demand which they knew perfectly well the American Government could not or would not concede. In all negotiations there are points of greater and less importance, and statesmanship is shown, not in rigidly insisting upon every item, but in securing a balance of advantages. The desire of the English Government to dispose of the American claims was not a purely selfish desire. It was dictated quite as much by anxiety for the welfare of Canada as by any apprehensions of future danger to England; and the Canadians, on their part, were wise enough to see that their own interests were involved in a settlement just as much as ours. They felt, as "A Canadian" says, that they needed capital and population, and that they could not obtain them while these difficulties were impending; ten years of peace would consolidate their institutions, develop their resources, and double their population and national power. The interests of Canada required the establishment of friendly relations with a neighbour with whom she must have continual intercourse, and with whom she carried on a brisk and growing trade. For the sake of such an object, the waiving of an indemnity for the raids was after all a small affair. Apprenticeship, if it means anything, must mean the relations between an apprentice and his master, but it is absurd to talk as if Canada occupied this position in regard to England. A master orders about his apprentice as he chooses, gives his commands, and expects to find them obeyed. The stipulations of the Anglo-American Treaty were not imposed on Canada under the pressure of superior authority; they were submitted to her to be accepted or rejected as she chose, and she thought them worth accepting. The Canadian Parliament ratified the Treaty by a majority of 73 in a House of 177 members, and it is expected that in the new House of 200 members the Ministry which was responsible for the Treaty will have a majority of from 30 to 40.

It is difficult to understand why the *Times* should be so extremely anxious that the Canadians should part from us. The Canadians themselves know perfectly well that if they desire to go they have only to say so. Nobody supposes that we should go to war to compel them to remain with us. They are free to choose for themselves, to go or to stay as they think for the best; and there is no possibility of doubt as to the nature of their choice. The vehemence with which the *Times* argues with them that it would be so much better for them to be independent shows that they are still disposed to hold fast by the old ties, or of course there would be no need for these passionate appeals to them to go away. It is equally certain that there is no desire in this country for a separation. Indeed it is impossible to see why there should be such a desire on either side. Whatever may have been the origin of the union, it has now come to be a purely voluntary alliance, which adds to the greatness of the Empire without involving any serious sacrifices. Canada is practically a democratic Republic, without the nuisance of Presidential elections and the widespread corruption which they engender. She is not liable to be handed over every four years to the tender mercies of a fresh body of hungry and unscrupulous jobbers and place-hunters. The Canadians have an honest administration, an untainted judiciary, moderate taxation, and constitutional freedom in the fullest sense. How would they be likely to better their condition by throwing in their lot with the United States, or by starting, if that were practicable, which may be doubted, as an independent Republic? Would they be much happier if their railways were at any moment liable to be seized upon by Mr. JAY GOULD and the fraternity of Wall Street? But then, says the *Times*, the connexion with England exposes Canada to the risk of unpleasantness on the part of the United States. It might be answered that the Canadians are quite competent to take the measure of this risk, and that it is for them to say whether it is too much for them. The *Times*, however, answers itself. Canada, it says, is strong enough to hold her own ground; but in any case, even if she were independent, we should be bound to stand by her in the event of her being attacked by her powerful neighbour. Then what is to be gained by separation? If Canada is able to defend herself without our aid, she will be rather a strength than a weakness to the Empire; if, on the other hand, she happened to require assistance, we should not the less be bound

to assist her because she had taken up her independence. What the *Times* has to say about Canada requiring the "education of self-reliance" would seem to be either nonsense or impertinence. Canada, as far as her domestic affairs are concerned, is a perfectly independent and self-governing community, as any Colonial Secretary who was rash enough to try the experiment of meddling with those affairs would quickly discover. It is true that Canada has not yet set up a foreign policy of her own, and perhaps this is what the *Times* means when it suggests that Canada should "teach something to her great neighbour," and should take up a position as a "great people." It is perhaps hardly worth while for Canada to embroil herself with her great neighbour by a course of spirited teaching, in order to oblige a crochety journalist who seems anxious at all hazards to make mischief in this quarter. Perhaps the most important lesson that Canada can teach is that a people may be great by their high-minded simplicity of character, unassuming manliness, loyalty, integrity, respect for law, and personal honour, without striking an attitude and swaggering in the face of the world.

DR. HESSEL AND THE POLICE.

THE proceedings in connexion with the Great Coram Street murder bring out very clearly the defects of the present system of public prosecutions. The question is sometimes argued as if what was wanted was an increase in the number of public prosecutors. In reality the mischief is that, such as they are, there are at present rather too many of them. The administration of justice is blundered and thwarted, and made to look imbecile and ridiculous, by being left to a vast body of prosecutors, acting quite independently and irresponsibly, and, as a rule, with about as much fitness for their work as an elephant has for dancing on the tight-rope. This of course is quite a piece with the silly shabbiness which characterizes our criminal system. Duties of the gravest kind are thrown upon ignorant and incompetent amateurs just because the Government will not pay for the services of competent agents. It will be seen at once that there are two things of the utmost importance in regard to public prosecutions—first, that they should not be lightly or rashly undertaken; and secondly, that, when once commenced, they should be carried on in a thoroughly efficient manner. In both respects the present system of prosecutions is deplorably at fault. It is notorious that a great many guilty persons are acquitted because the Treasury, with perverse and reckless parsimony, cuts down the costs of prosecutions; and on the other hand it would appear that an innocent person, against whom there is absolutely not a tittle of evidence, may be arrested and imprisoned for a week or more at the whim of a Superintendent of Police. Dr. HESSEL is a German clergyman, who was on his way, with his wife and a party of emigrants, to South America. The ship in which they were embarked ran on the Goodwin Sands, and had to put into Ramsgate for repairs. Dr. HESSEL and some of the other passengers took the opportunity of spending a few days in London. The suspicions of the police happened to fall on WOHLBE, one of the emigrants, as having been concerned in the murder of the poor woman in Great Coram Street, for no reason apparently except that he was a German, and looked like one. He was arrested at Ramsgate, and witnesses were sent down to identify him. Dr. HESSEL proposed that a number of the other emigrants should put on rough coats and long boots such as WOHLBE wore, and should be in the room with him when the witnesses came; and the chaplain himself set the example. It was a joke among them all. Mrs. HESSEL jested with her husband on the chance of his being picked out. The captain had his joke too, and there was a burst of laughter when the two witnesses, overlooking WOHLBE altogether, singled out the chaplain. The chaplain smiled, and at once said, "I was sick in bed in London on Christmas-eve at such an hotel; send there and you will hear all about me." It would have been the simplest and easiest thing in the world to ascertain the truth of this statement; but the police took no notice of it whatever. They carried off the chaplain to London, and charged him with murder; and he had to spend more than a week in prison before he had an opportunity of proving his innocence. He had no sooner produced his witnesses from the hotel than the magistrate said there was absolutely no case against him.

Of course it is monstrous that this should have happened. It would have been monstrous even if had been only an accidental blunder; but unfortunately it is worse than that. There is really nothing accidental about it. The police seem

to have acted in the most deliberate manner, and the arrest of Dr. HESSEL was only the natural and necessary result of the sort of way in which they are in the habit of going about their work in such cases. A murder had been committed, and the murderer was supposed to be a German, or at least a foreigner. "A man with a moustache and a dirty face," and with a rough voice—this seems to have been the nearest approach to a definite idea of his appearance which had been arrived at. We do not say that it was the fault of the police that they had no better clue to go by; but they might at least have been expected to understand how very slight a clue it was, and how little to be trusted to. However, there they were, watching the seaports and keeping a sharp look-out for foreigners with moustaches and dirty faces. If the police really thought themselves entitled to arrest anybody who happened to answer this description, they must be commended for their moderation in arresting only three or four. There seems to have been no other reason for seizing WOHLBE except his supposed resemblance to this vague portrait; and it was probably the merest chance in the world that the witnesses taken down to identify WOHLBE picked out the chaplain instead of one of the other emigrants. No doubt the police were bound after this to detain the chaplain until they had ascertained how and where he spent Christmas-eve; but there were several strong and obvious reasons which rendered it highly improbable that he should be the man. He was identified in a dress which he had put on in order to resemble WOHLBE, and which was not his usual dress, and it was a dress which it was most unlikely he would wear on a visit to London. He was a clergyman, lately married, and was accompanied by his wife. He had taken the lead in collecting a number of emigrants to stand with WOHLBE, and to be confronted with the witnesses; and, when singled out, he gave his explanations in the clearest and frankest manner. On the face of things it was in the highest degree improbable that Dr. HESSEL should be the murderer, and inquiries at KROLL's Hotel would have at once removed any doubts on the subject. Why did the police not go to KROLL's Hotel? The answer, we fear, is painfully simple. They had got what they wanted—somebody to whom their scraps, or at least one of their scraps, of evidence applied, and whom they could put on trial. Carrying on a criminal investigation is dull work without a prisoner. It is like playing cards with a dummy; and the police appear to have looked at the matter quite as if it had been a game in which they were on one side and anybody they chose to fix upon as the accused represented the other side. There were two sides to the game, and as long as each side had fair play that was enough. The theory seems to have been that it was the business of the police to bring up all the evidence they could get against the prisoner. The defence was the prisoner's own affair, and they knew manners too well to meddle with it. There could hardly be a more striking example of the way in which the police apply themselves to investigations of this kind. They must start with a theory and work it out, and they find it easier to work it out if they concentrate their attention on all the evidence that seems to make for it, and shut their eyes to everything that suggests doubts or difficulties on the other side. They have the weakness of the ostrich family, and think that whatever they do not see with their heads buried deep in sand nobody else can see. Nature abhors a vacuum, and the moral nature of the police abhors the empty place where the accused person ought to be. Their great object seems to be to discover the guilty person of course if possible, but at all events to get somebody or other who can be put on trial. In this instance it never seems to have occurred to the police that they had themselves in the first instance a quasi-judicial function to perform before they decided on making a charge of the gravest kind, and that they were bound to weigh the explanations of the accused as well as their own evidence.

Within a short time there have been several brutal murders of women which have utterly baffled the police. There was the Eltham murder, in which a poor girl was found horribly mutilated in a country lane, and at the trial it came out that the police had kept back certain evidence because it did not exactly fit in with their case. Last July two women were murdered in a shop in the broad daylight in a frequented thoroughfare at Hoxton, but the police could find no clue to the murderer. And now there is this murder of HARRIET BUSWELL. A year or two back there was a murder of a very similar character—that of EMMA JACKSON in Bloomsbury—and here too, though there were people in the next room and in the room below that in which the woman was killed, the police could find no trace of the murderer. The Road murder will occur to many persons as another instance in which the

police, having allowed themselves to be carried away by a false theory, which never had much to support it, and which involved a great many difficult assumptions, utterly broke down. Publicity is the great snare of the police; they imagine that the eyes of the country are upon them, and that they are bound to show that they are extremely active and doing all they possibly can. Every little inspector and superintendent thinks it necessary to justify himself in the eyes of the world. It is not enough that his superiors should be satisfied; he must conduct his own case before the public. He assumes that he is on his trial, and that he has a right to show how clever and energetic he is. If he cannot catch the murderer, he thinks he has at least a right to show how he tried to catch him. Perhaps we can hardly be surprised that a coroner's jury should pass a vote of thanks to a police superintendent for an entertainment of this kind, prolonged over several weeks, and enlivened with racy, though utterly irrelevant, evidence raked up from the night-houses of London. It is difficult to understand how far a divisional superintendent in such a case is allowed to act entirely on his discretion, but it is pretty clear that all important cases should be taken up at head-quarters, and that every step should be guided by competent legal advice. Charges of murder against innocent persons are perhaps comparatively rare, but the police, we suspect, frequently trip into similar blunders in smaller matters. We have often thought that there should be a staff of magistrates or legal advisers some of whom should be always on duty to assist the police in determining whether charges should be taken up, as well as magistrates to hear the charges when publicly made. In any case it can hardly be doubted that the police are at present very weak from a legal point of view, and that the services of such a man as, say, Sir T. HENRY, would be invaluable to the executive of the force as an adviser and director in difficult matters. It is of course very proper that Dr. HESSEL should have compensation from the Government for the outrage of which he has been the victim; but it is not a pleasant reflection that if he had happened to be, not a countryman of MOLKE and BISMARCK, but a subject of Queen VICTORIA, he would have been unable to obtain any redress whatever. The hardships and indignities to which Dr. HESSEL was subjected in prison have naturally directed attention to the manner in which prisoners awaiting trial are treated. It is of course obvious that prisoners must be kept in a prison, and that the arrangements of a prison must necessarily involve a good deal of discomfort and even hardship. But it is difficult to see why a man who is presumably innocent, not having yet been put on his trial, should be compelled to clean his boots and his mess tin, and wash and scrub the floor of his cell, and sweep down the walls, and do other menial offices; and the comfort of prisoners appears to be also much neglected in other respects. The worst of the hardships incidental to imprisonment is, however, a small thing compared with the hardship of being imprisoned at all, and hence the importance of guarding by every means against the arrest of persons on trivial and inadequate grounds.

FORCE IN LITERATURE.

A CURIOUS paper might be written on the singular errors made by men of high reputation in their critical judgments. Something of the kind was lately done in one of the magazines. Instances of such blunders abound since people first began to cultivate the art. When, for example, we read the critical sentences of the last century we are amazed at the inconceivable blindness which they seem to imply. Goldsmith, to take a case at random, was undoubtedly a man of fine taste; he tells us, *à propos* of Waller's ode on the death of Cromwell, that our poetry was not then "quite harmonized; so that this, which would now be looked upon as a slovenly sort of versification, was in the times in which it was written almost a prodigy of harmony." In the same place, after praising the harmony of the *Rape of the Lock*, he observes that the irregular measure at the opening of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* "hurts our English ear." We can only wonder at the singular change of taste which induced our grandfathers to fancy that "harmony," of all things, was their strong point, and that Pope's mechanical monotony was to the exquisite versification of Spenser and Milton as Greek sculpture to the work of some self-taught mediæval carver. The same incapacity for perceiving what to us appear almost self-evident truths is as obvious in a wider kind of criticism. When Voltaire called Shakespeare "a drunken savage," it was a mere outbreak of spleen; but Voltaire in his sober moods, and he is followed in this by Horace Walpole, speaks still more contemptuously of one of the two or three men who can be put beside Shakespeare. He marvels at the dullness of people who can admire anything so "stupidly extravagant and barbarous" as the *Divina Commedia*. These monstrous misunderstandings are to be explained by the natural incapacity of

the subjects of one literary dynasty for judging of those of another. But the judgments of contemporaries on each other are not much more trustworthy. The long-continued contempt for Bunyan and Defoe was merely an expression of the ordinary feeling of the cultivated classes towards anything which was identified with Grub Street; but it is curious to observe the incapacity of such a man as Johnson to understand Gray or Sterne, and the contempt which Walpole expressed for Johnson and Goldsmith, whilst he sincerely believed that the poems of Mason were destined to immortality. Nor, again, can we flatter ourselves that this narrow vision was characteristic only of a school which has now decayed. We may find blunders at least equally palpable in the opinions expressed by the great poets at the beginning of this century. Such, for example, is the apparently sincere conviction of Byron that Rogers and Moore were the truest poets amongst his contemporaries; that Pope was the first of all English, if not of all existing, poets; and that Wordsworth was nothing but a namby-pamby driveller. The school of Wordsworth and Southey uttered judgments at least equally hasty in the opposite direction. Many odd instances of the degree in which prejudice can blind a man of genuine taste are to be found in the writings of their disciple, De Quincey. To mention no other, he speaks of "Mr. Goethe" as an immoral and second-rate author, who owes his reputation chiefly to the fact of his long life and his position at the Court of Weimar. With which we may compare Charles Lamb's decided preference of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* to Goethe's immortal *Faust*. Our grandchildren, it may be feared, will find equal reason for revising the judgments which now pass current amongst us. How, they will ask, could people be found to mistake the secondhand pedantry of — (we leave the name to be supplied according to the taste of our readers) for genuine inspiration, or to overlook the productions of the immortal Smith and Brown, which were then read only by the unlearned or by some small circle of true believers?

If criticism should ever rise to the dignity of a science, such mistakes will be impossible. We shall discover some infallible gauge of literary merit, which will immediately detect lurking genius in the most improbable disguises. One of the axioms that will lie at the foundation of the future science will probably be expressed in some such formula as this, that the one real virtue is force, though it may appear in many manifestations. Mr. Herbert Spencer maintains that the laws of every phenomenon throughout the universe, including all spiritual and intellectual as well as physical phenomena, may be ultimately stated as corollaries from the primary laws of force. By applying the principle of the conservation of forces, we discover that the fall of a given weight through a given distance is equivalent to the development of a given quantity of heat. In like manner we should discover that the same force when converted into intellectual activity will generate a given quantity of poetry or philosophy. And, conversely, we may compare the merit of two literary productions by determining how much force was consumed in their production. If, for example, Shakspeare's brain did an amount of work equal to ten foot-pounds in composing the soliloquy of Hamlet, and Goethe's did an amount equal to five of the same units in composing Mignon's song in *Wilhelm Meister*, then the merit of the soliloquy is precisely double that of the song. We lay no particular stress on this theory, which has, as some people may fancy, a rather materialist sound, but it may serve as an illustration of our proposed principle. To compare the merits of any two writers, decide which exhibits the greater amount of force, and as a rule you may safely pronounce him to be the greater.

Thus the quality which chiefly serves to distinguish talent from genius is originality. The man who produces a new idea capable of germinating in the minds of his readers is so far a greater man than he who is merely the channel for transmitting ideas already expressed by some original thinker. This is the one great quality which distinguishes the few leaders of the world from the great mass of dealers in second-hand opinion; and it is due simply to an excess of power. Anybody can follow a beaten track, but to strike out a path for yourself involves an amount both of intellectual and moral force which falls only to the select few. Wherever it is found, we may say that its possessor is by birth-right one of the immortals, though circumstances may stifle his powers of utterance; and every one knows what a strange influence he possesses even when his remarks, though original, have been anticipated by some one else. A man who speaks from his own mind is so far a new force, and therefore affects us in a manner essentially different from the ordinary writer, who can be considered merely as the surface upon which external forces have impinged, in order to rebound. Within the same class, again, it is easy to accept the theory that the merit of a writer is proportional to his vigour. The difficulty begins when we endeavour to compare writings differing in species as well as in merit. There are some writings in which force shows itself, as it were, naked, and is obviously the secret of the influence which they exert over us. Such, for example, is that masculine and nervous prose of which we have so many masters in English literature, and which sometimes looks so easy when it is really so difficult. The clear compressed reasoning of Hobbes, the manly common sense of Locke, the incomparable energy of Swift, and the comparatively coarse dogmatizing of Cobbett have all a kind of family, or rather national, likeness; and, fortunately, we are not without some modern examples of the same style. Lovers of a more florid rhetoric are apt to despise the simple

downright vernacular of the writers we have named, and even to fancy that it must be easy to express such plain thoughts in plain words. Nothing can in fact be further from the truth; because the quality which makes such writing possible is just that intensity of mind which belongs only to powerful natures. The direct expression of the thoughts of a feeble person is simply insipid. On the other hand, the gorgeous rhetoric of Burke or Milton or Jeremy Taylor is also good so far as it is a symptom of force taking a different direction. The energy which in one case displays itself by a strong grasp of a few leading principles displays itself in the other by overlaying them with a vast variety of illustrations and applications. The same amount of intellectual power may be displayed in Swift's attack upon Wood's copper coinage, and in Burke's on a regicide peace. Swift's power appears in the kind of bulldog tenacity with which he throttles his antagonists; and Burke's in the versatility with which he perplexes them by every conceivable mode of assault. To decide which is the greater, we must wait for that new calculus of the future which will enable us to estimate the total expenditure of force in either case. Hasty critics, as a rule, happen to find one variety of expression more congenial to them than the other, and fail to observe that it is a question, not of the essential power, but of the mode of application. In some cases a concentration, and in others a diffusion, of force may be most appropriate; and it is a great, though a very common, mistake to apply the same measure to all.

There is another variety of literature in which the principle does not seem to apply at first sight. Many of our poets, for example, appear to owe their success to a weakness rather than to strength. The more accurate statement, however, would appear to be that great strength of any one faculty is apt to throw a man off his balance. The very greatest men, the Dantes, Shakspeares, or Goethes, are men of thoroughly healthy and equable development. But the second-rate men, the Popes or Shelleys, are apt to be morbid because some of their talents are developed at the expense of the rest. Pope, for example, had, as Atterbury said, a *mens curva in corpore curvo*. But his greatness was owing, not to the distortion, but to the marvellous quickness and keenness, of his intellect. He abounds in the most brilliant flashes of thought, but is unable to maintain a steady pressure. He is a poet therefore by fits and starts, and has composed innumerable couplets of wonderful merit, but scarcely one satisfactory poem. He is an example therefore of intermittent power; which is to the sustained power of healthier writers what a series of explosions by gunpowder is to the continuous expansion of steam. So Byron said of himself that he was like a tiger who would make but one spring, and if he failed went grumbling back to his den. The force is the same in all cases, but it may vary indefinitely in its mode of action. The morbid poets have an extraordinary sensitiveness to certain emotions and perceptions; and sensitiveness of all kinds is a symptom of an active intellect and of strength of feeling. The man who can perceive the most delicate variations of colour or temperature is not in ordinary parlance so strong as the man who can raise a hundredweight with his little finger. But he has a finer touch, a more delicate instrument in his physical organization. The value of his work will depend, not upon the degree of his perceptive faculty, but upon the strength of his feelings and his power of expressing them. The fineness of his organs determines what kind of materials he is to use; but the merit of the work depends entirely upon the vigour with which he turns them to account. The man of very delicate sensibility produces, it may be, a rarer variety of work; his fabrics are spun of gossamer instead of cotton; but though more interesting to the connoisseur, they do not possess more intrinsic excellence than those of the man of coarser organization but equal intellectual and emotional vigour. Shelley's poetry is more exquisite than Byron's, but it is not therefore more admirable.

Critics of young authors should therefore judge the performances of the novices by the energy they display. What is called good taste is generally a very questionable symptom in a young man; for it is too often symptomatic of a docility resulting from deficient vigour. The advice to a youth to cut out his finest passages was all very well with a view to the propitiation of ordinary critics and as a way of recommending vigorous self-discipline. But it is infinitely more important that there should be something to cut out than that the excision should be performed; and a superfluity of energy, whatever faults it may produce at starting, is the best of all symptoms. Unluckily faults of taste do not always or generally proceed from an excess, and may easily arise from a deficiency, of vigour.

RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM.

WE are not going to revive the controversy about the comparative loyalty of English Ultramontanes evoked by Archbishop Manning's recent deliverance at Sheffield. It is clear at a glance that the Archbishop's theory, even as modified by his subsequent explanations, leaves a very wide loophole for political disaffection; while, on the other hand, the criticisms upon it in the *Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* no less clearly imply that nobody who is not a Protestant, and a pretty advanced Protestant too, can be at heart a loyal Englishman. And this at once opens out an interesting inquiry quite independent of the merits or demerits of the Sheffield address or of the politics of English Catholics, on which we propose to offer some remarks. What are the relations of religious belief to loyalty

or patriotism? Are the two, when properly understood, in essential harmony, if not absolutely synonymous with each other, as the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* seems to suppose, or, if not, which has a right to claim precedence when they clash? Is every divergence of religious from national sentiment to be branded as disloyal, or is every one who subordinates religious to political considerations to be considered an indifferentist or a sceptic? It is obvious at first sight that, unless the spheres of political and religious life are not only separable in theory, which may at least be questioned, but are assumed in the teeth of all experience to be always kept separate in practice, collisions of the kind must occur from time to time whenever a nation is not all of one faith. Indeed it is quite conceivable that ecclesiastical and political interests might point in opposite directions, and thus divide popular opinion even in a country not rent by internal feuds of rival sects and Churches. The attempts of the Popes during the century after the Reformation to form a sort of Catholic League against the growing power of Protestantism were constantly foiled by the conflicting interests or jealousies of particular Catholic States. But we may confine ourselves here to the very common case of countries of divided religious belief, and ask whether it is or is not to be expected that the theological divergence will have any influence on political sentiment? Surely the question answers itself. So keenly was this difficulty felt when the religious unity of Western Europe was first broken up by the Reformation, that the notion of tolerating heresy—that is, of tolerating any other than the established faith—would have seemed to statesmen of all persuasions as absurd, to quote Sir James Mackintosh's language, as it would now be thought to propose the impunity of murder. Of course the prevalent conviction of the sinfulness of erroneous belief had something to do with this view; but politicians are seldom guided exclusively by abstract principles of right and wrong, and no European sovereign of that period doubted that the toleration of dissent would endanger not only his salvation, but his crown. A century and a half later, when the exigency of facts was compelling the adoption of a less rigid policy in several quarters, Louis XIV. deliberately sacrificed the commercial interests of France to the same theory by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Nor can it fairly be denied that there was a good deal to be said from a purely political point of view for this repressive system, though the rapid advance and consolidation of religious dissent ultimately rendered it abortive. The Catholics were a very disturbing element in the Government of England under Elizabeth, and the violence of the Huguenots almost threatened at one time to disintegrate the French monarchy. These, it may perhaps be urged, are extreme cases. But even so they are good illustrations of the principle. And if Catholics and Protestants have learnt since then to live peaceably side by side under the same rulers and the same laws, it is only because they have come practically, though not in words, to acquiesce in the existing lines of demarcation as a settled fact. But the acquiescence has its limits. Any fresh attempt to disturb the balance by throwing additional weight into either scale, as, for instance, by furthering the interests—or what are supposed to be the interests—of Protestantism in Italy, or of Catholicism in Ireland, is sure at once to provoke bitter jealousy, if not open resistance. Ultramontanes were inevitably out of harmony with the national sentiment about Cavour and Garibaldi, and a large section of English Protestants are fanatically hostile to any settlement of the University Education question which will satisfy the Catholics of Ireland. Thus much is obvious on the surface, but it may be worth while to look a little deeper into the matter.

We observed just now that it was only possible for religious and political loyalty to go always hand in hand where the nation was of one faith. We might have gone a step further, and added that this result would never be completely and universally secured except when a nation's faith is simply part and parcel of the national life. Under the Hebrew theocracy, and in the old Pagan States, this identity was realized. When the Prophet speaks of rebellion being "as the sin of witchcraft"—once a favourite text with the upholders of divine right of kings, though in fact Samuel was not speaking of civil insubordination at all—we must remember that for a Jew rebellion meant more than it can ever mean in any modern State. For him to defy the authority of Judges or Kings was to defy "the God of Israel." Church and State were not merely co-extensive, but identical; to be a bad citizen was to be a half-hearted believer, to disobey the law or betray the national cause was to be an apostate. And if, to use modern language, the political life of Judaism was a function of the ecclesiastical, Paganism arrived by an opposite method at a precisely similar result. The Gods of the Egyptians and the Amorites were opposed to the God of Israel. The Roman Empire, from which, according to Bishop Temple's once famous essay, we have inherited "the moral force and the moral sentiments which lie at the back of all political life," and especially "the duty of patriotism," was not indeed, like the Hebrew Commonwealth, a theocracy; but its religion, such as it was, was exclusively national, and was indissolubly bound up with the whole framework and the daily incidents of national life. To a citizen of Palestine or of ancient Rome there could be no temptation to a divided allegiance. To be loyal to their country was also to be loyal to their faith; in the one case because the entire civil and moral code was based on a divine revelation, in the other because the national religion was simply the expression and creature of the national mind and will. Christianity, among many new ideas, introduced into the world

for the first time the startlingly novel principle of a universal religion which recognized no local limits and no rival claims. And it thereby introduced, for the first time, the possibility, which soon became the certainty, of a collision between political loyalty and religious faith. This conflict of duties was at once brought out in its extremest form under the Roman Empire. Not only did the early Christians find themselves necessarily and utterly out of sympathy with the whole tone of the heathen society around them, but they were in numberless instances compelled to choose between fidelity to their religion and obedience to the law. When Dr. Arnold says that they were persecuted, not because they might hereafter prove dangerous to the Empire, but because they broke its laws, he is suggesting a false antithesis; for their conduct soon made it evident that the whole social fabric of the Empire would be undermined if Christianity got the upper hand. Still it is quite true that they did disobey the law, and were obliged to do so if they remained faithful to their creed. The duty of submission to "the powers that be" was indeed peremptorily enjoined by St. Paul and by the Church after him, but then it was limited by the very important reserve of whatever trampled on the faith or moral standard of the Gospel. Christians were to obey the Emperor, but not to worship him; they were bound to fight, if called upon, in the Roman armies, but on no account to throw a grain of incense on the altars of the Roman Gods. And accordingly, as might have been expected, one of the first and most frequent charges against them was that of disloyalty to the State. In one sense it was perfectly true; in another it was false. They gave their lives for the State in battle, and, with certain indispensable reservations, they practised an absolute submission to its laws. But an unreserved submission they persistently refused, and their outward obedience was divorced from any inward sympathy. Their strongest convictions, their deepest feelings, their most cherished hopes and aims, were out of all accord with those of their Pagan fellow-subjects. And it was not long before the Pagans had the acuteness to perceive as much. If loyalty is the legitimate measure of religious belief, the early Christians were in the wrong.

It is always convenient to take a crucial example of a principle, and therefore we have dwelt on the position of the Christians under the Roman Empire. In modern States, where the contest is not between Christianity and heathenism, but between rival forms of Christianity, there cannot of course be the same fundamental antagonism of political and religious ideas. There is much in common after all in the theological belief, and still more in the moral standard, of Catholics and Protestants; the leading Christian ideas which were so abhorrent to the Pagan sentiment of the day are accepted by both alike. Yet the patriotism of a Christian whose religion is more than skin-deep can never be quite the same thing as the patriotism of a Roman or a Jew, and that for the simple reason that it cannot be an absorbing and exclusive passion. The love of country and the love of creed are consistent but not identical, and even when they harmonize they do not coalesce. The nearest approach to it occurs when circumstances have tended to identify the faith of a nation with the history of its greatness or its sufferings. Thus zeal for orthodoxy became a badge of Spanish patriotism after the long struggle, first with Arians, and then with Moors, and the Inquisition may be called an indigenous product of the soil. In like manner Catholicism has been branded into the national heart of Ireland and Poland by the sufferings they have endured from the enemies of their race and faith. But the coincidence in all these cases is accidental and temporary. In Spain the divorce of ecclesiastical and national sentiment is almost complete already, and the spread of Fenianism attested its commencement in Ireland. Protestantism, in the broad sense of the word, is an English tradition; but Protestantism itself has many subdivisions, and it only includes a considerable majority of the subjects of the British Crown. There is nothing as a rule to prevent the Roman Catholic minority from being equally zealous for the power and greatness of their country; still less would they feel any inducement to overt acts of disaffection. But so far as the national policy and character are moulded on Protestant ideas, they are disloyal in the same sense, though not in the same degree, as the early Christians were disloyal to the Empire of Rome. Nor is there anything in this peculiar to Roman Catholics. Unless the State exercises the absolute moral sovereignty which Dr. Arnold claimed for it, but which is incompatible with the existence of any independent religious organization, and is in fact a dream, there will always be room for this counter action of religious and patriotic sentiment. Thus, for instance, at the time of the Crimean War, putting aside the Peace Society and the Quakers—who might also in a sense be called disloyal—there was a small but very decided minority who, if they did not exactly side with Russia, felt no sympathy with the arms of England, and no pride in her victories. They would perhaps have admitted, or would not have cared to dispute, that it was our interest on political grounds to support Turkey, and to check the advance of Russian influence in the East. But they thought that the fact of the former being an infidel Power, while the latter represented a venerable and orthodox section of the Christian Church, should override all such considerations. Clearly they had a perfect right to maintain that view if they pleased, but it placed them in direct antagonism to the patriotic enthusiasm of the day, or, in other words, exposed them to the stigma of disloyalty. Many similar cases, often of more practical importance, will occur to any one who takes the trouble to look for them. Religion, when it is more than a name, is inevitably exact-

ing, and will not consent to take the second place. You may make patriotism into a religion to the exclusion of any rival claims, as was professedly done by the Romans of old, whose example has not unfrequently been followed without being professed in later days. But if any other religion be admitted, a potential limit is at once placed on political loyalty. In ninety-nine cases the right of dissent or resistance will lie dormant, but in the hundredth, where perhaps national feeling is peculiarly sensitive, it will pre-emptorily assert itself. And then either faith must be sacrificed to loyalty or loyalty to faith.

BALZAC'S MONSIEUR DE MORTSAUF.

IT may be interesting, at a time when the Legitimist party in France possesses more importance in the National Assembly than in the country generally, to study a Legitimist nobleman in Balzac. The portrait is not to be taken as a representative one in every sense, for Monsieur de Mortsauf has great faults of character, which belong to the man rather than to the Legitimist; but he has at the same time the marks of his party and his class, and the determination to regard everything from their peculiar point of view. This indeed is a habit common to all French parties, but it strikes one more in the Legitimists than in the others, because their principles are less capable of adaptation to the tendencies of the day. An Orleanist or a moderate Republican may be just as strongly convinced as any Legitimist can be that his own party is the sole possible salvation for the country; but Orleanists and Republicans, being more in harmony with the spirit of the present day, are not so much tempted to lay emphasis upon every detail of their political and social creed. The true Legitimist, who is always at the same time, if not religious, at least an ardent supporter of Catholicism, carries into his politics the uncompromising temper of his faith, and the disposition rather to harden than to obliterate the boundary lines between himself and the political heretics that surround him. It may be observed that the same temper or policy, if it is a policy, which has induced the Vatican to affirm with unprecedented energy the doctrines which most clearly separated it from modern principles, has its exact parallel in the disposition of the French Legitimists to make more and more evident the gulf that lies between them and every species of Liberalism. There is in both a certain *aigreur* natural to declining causes and to disappointed or unhopeful men. They have fallen upon evil days, and can but reiterate the expression of their fixed convictions to an age that is moving rapidly in quite a different direction.

The idea suggests itself as probable that, when Balzac drew his Legitimist nobleman, M. de Mortsauf, and made him a personage whose past life had been full of errors and imprudences for which he now endured the penalties, and which produced great morbid irritability, the novelist may have had in view something like a suggested parallel between the past of French Legitimacy and its present. And the children of M. de Mortsauf are represented as beings for whom in this world the chances of life are doubtful, owing to ancestral errors. This certainly reminds one of the effect of those royal vices which did so much to bring about the great Revolution and its endless chain of consequences. However this may be, the personal past of M. de Mortsauf enabled the novelist to paint a figure in perfect harmony with its situation:—

I looked at the Count with an endeavour to guess his character, but was sufficiently interested by some dominant features to rest contented with a superficial examination of his physiognomy. He was only forty-five years old, but appeared nearly sixty, so rapidly had he aged in the great shipwreck which closed the eighteenth century. There was a half-circle of hair at the back of his bald head which ended about the ears, and came up to the temples in grey tufts mixed with black. His face bore a vague resemblance to that of a white wolf with blood about its muzzle, for the nose was inflamed like that of a man whose life is fundamentally disturbed, whose stomach is weakened, whose humours are vitiated by past diseases. His flat forehead, too broad for his face, which ended in a point, crossed by irregular wrinkles, announced the habits of a life in the open air, and not the fatigues of the mind—the weight of a permanent ill-fortune, and not the efforts made to overcome it. His cheeks, projecting and brown, in the midst of the ashy tones of his complexion, indicated a structure strong enough to assure him a long life. His eye, clear, yellow, and hard, fell on you like a ray of the wintry sun, luminous without heat, disturbed without thought, distrustful without an object. The mouth was violent and imperious, the chin was straight and long. Thin and tall, he had the bearing of a nobleman leaning on conventional values, who knows that he is superior to others by law, but inferior in fact. The liberty of a country life had made him neglect his exterior. His dress was that of a rustic in whom both peasants and neighbours respect only a landed estate. His brown sinewy hands showed that he wore gloves only to ride on horseback or on Sunday to go to mass. His feet were roughly shod. Although ten years of emigration and ten years of agriculture had had their effect upon his person, there remained in him some traces of nobility. The bitterest Liberal would have recognized his chivalrous loyalty, would have admired his religious conviction, his passionate devotion to his cause, his frankness in political antipathies. He was incapable of serving his party personally, but very capable of ruining it, and without any knowledge of affairs in France. The Count was one of those straightforward men who adapt themselves to nothing, and resolutely impede everything; ready to die at their post, yet stingy enough to give their life rather than their money. If he condemned himself, he refused to others the right to judge him. Bitter like a power which knows that it is in fault, but not having grandeur or charm enough to compensate the sum of pain which he had thrown into the balance, his private life probably betrayed asperities which one might guess from his angular features and his incessantly disquieted eyes.

M. de Mortsauf received as his guest the young gentleman by

whom the story is told, and began to express his fixed opinions at the very opening of their acquaintance:—

"Modern education is fatal to children," resumed the Count. "We stuff them with mathematics, we kill them with science, and use them up before their time. What a century this instruction of all classes is preparing for us if the evil is not forestalled by putting education into the hands of the religious corporations!"

These words prepared me well for what he said one day at the elections, when he refused his vote to a man whose talents might be useful to the Royalist cause. "Je me défierai toujours des gens d'esprit."

How precisely this represents the same class at the present day, with its dread of public education in general, and its notion of making it safe—since public education there must needs be—by putting it into the hands of *les frères ignorants*! Indeed, nothing is more curious in French society than the persistence of the pure Legitimist tradition on all points. It is not widely spread, but it remains perfectly intact in the small class which preserves it, and one of its most cherished convictions is the dislike of any popular education which is not directly under the control of the priests. The order, too, in which the ideas are expressed is carefully true to nature. The most genuine Legitimist does not eagerly desire even clerical public instruction in itself, but he thinks it may be useful to forestall that of the University.

M. de Mortsauf lived in the solitude of a mediocre fortune at his house of Clochegourde, in Touraine. He kept a family cabriolet and farmed his own land, which was not particularly extensive. This sort of country existence is not uncommon in France, and is as pleasant as need be when it is not poisoned by jealousy or pride. Unfortunately for M. de Mortsauf's peace of mind, he was as proud as a Legitimist Count well can be, and his sentiments of jealousy were kept in inflamed activity by the immediate neighbourhood of a château much larger than his own, surrounded by ample domains, and peopled by many servants. Jealousy, however, was not the only cause of his solitude. He was curiously ignorant, having received, indeed, the first half of a French nobleman's education, the superficial tutoring which was supposed to prepare a noble boyhood, but having from untoward circumstances unfortunately missed the second and more important education of the Court, the world, and high office. He had emigrated at the very time when this second education ought to have commenced, and instead of getting another to supply its place, had believed in the immediate re-establishment of the monarchy in France, and so passed his exile in the most fruitless idleness. On the dispersing of the army of Condé, in which he had given proofs of devoted courage, he had expected to return shortly under the white flag, and had not attempted to increase his means by industry of any kind. During these years his poverty had been of that most serious and extreme kind which a Frenchman calls *la misère*. His French gaiety had broken down under these ordeals; he had become morose, had fallen ill, and been nursed by charity in some German hospital. His disease had been an internal inflammation of a kind frequently mortal, and which often leaves, in those who escape from it with life, a strong disposition to hypochondria. After twelve years of exile he returned to France, permitted by a decree of Napoleon. His position contrasted painfully in everything with the promises of his infancy. He had been born rich, and in a rank to command a regiment or occupy some considerable post in the State; he had been born sound and robust. On his return to France, he found himself poor, ill, ignorant, and a nobody. Reaching at last the part of the country where his family property had been, he discovered that one farm had been kept for him by the farmer, who in the confusion that succeeded the Revolution had caused people to believe that he had purchased it from the Government. A great family in the neighbourhood, hearing of his return, had invited him to stay at their house till a habitation could be built for him on his own land, and a daughter of this family, Madlle. de Lenoncourt, became his wife. This young lady had an aunt, the Duchess de Verneuil, who made her a present of a country house called Clochegourde, so that the newly-married couple might have a home to go to.

In this quiet life M. de Mortsauf indulged at first in hopes of something like happiness, which however were rapidly blighted by the miserable health of his children and a constant anxiety as to the possibility of bringing them up. The care of his little recovered property, and the necessity for close attention to money matters, had gradually developed in his nature the germs of avarice. As his wife came to know him better, she was compelled to recognize the chilling truth that his character required from her the sacrifice of almost everything that makes life agreeable to a woman in the prime of life. His avarice imposed privations which she had to bear without a murmur, his suspicious disposition (he suspected everybody of trying to overreach him) required to be treated with the most watchful care, his morbid irritability needed soothing. She perceived that a temper like his was altogether unfitted for society, and so she lived with him in the solitude of Clochegourde, where he reigned absolutely, as he believed; but this absolutism was tempered by the feminine artifices of his wife, who made it her study to influence his capricious will, so far as it might be influenced for good. She succeeded in hiding his peculiarities from the world, and lived by his side the existence of a sister of charity who nurses some troublesome and thankless patient.

A visitor who knew M. de Mortsauf better than his neighbours thus describes him at this period of his life:—

I found in this man an irascibility without cause, a promptitude of action in a desperate case which frightened me. Sometimes there were sudden returns of the *gentilhomme* who had been so brave in Condé's army, some

ashes of that decision which, in serious circumstances, can burst in the political world like bombshells, and which, by the chances of straightforwardness and courage, change a man condemned to vegetate in his country-house into a D'Elbée, a Bonchamp, a Charette. In presence of certain suppositions his nose contracted, his forehead brightened, and his eyes emitted lightnings which were extinguished immediately afterwards.

The Count, like most idle men in the country, played a game to pass his evenings. His game was backgammon. His guest, at first ignorant of this scientific amusement, studied it in a learned treatise in a neighbour's library, and shortly became proficient enough to amuse his host, proficient enough even to irritate him:—

In a few days I found myself in a position to beat my master; but whenever I won his temper became execrable; his eyes flashed as if he had been a tiger, his face contracted, his eyebrows played like the eyebrows of nobody that I have ever seen. His complaints were those of a spoiled child. Sometimes he threw the dice away, put himself in a rage, bit his dice-box, and insulted me. These violence came to an end. When I began to play well I managed the battle as I liked, and arranged matters so that towards the close of the game the chances should be evenly balanced, letting him win during the first half and re-establishing the equilibrium during the second. The end of the world would have surprised the Count less than his pupil's rapid superiority—but he never admitted it. The uniform ending of our games gave him a new subject for reflection. "Decidedly," he said, "my poor head is soon wearied; you always gain upon me towards the end of the game, because then my abilities leave me."

This habit of playing at backgammon with his guest led M. de Mortsauf to betray himself on one occasion in a crisis of irritability of a kind which reduced his wife's existence to a perpetual exercise of patience. They had taken a walk with Madame de Mortsauf and the children on some heights in the neighbourhood of Clochegourde, and they arrived on a moor where nothing could grow. The earth was stony, dried up, without any covering of fertile soil; nevertheless there were a few oaks and bushes, but instead of grass there was a carpet of wild mosses on which the feet slipped. The Count struck this desolate, unproductive earth with his cane, and turning round suddenly said to his guest with horrible emphasis, "Voilà ma vie!" As this made his wife turn pale, he hastened to add, though too late, "Oh! mais avant de vous avoir connue."

M. de Mortsauf remained in the same gloomy and bitter state of mind till they got back to Clochegourde:—

We came back to Clochegourde talking à bâtons rompus. When we were in the drawing-room there was an indefinable uncertainty between us. The Count was plunged in an armchair absorbed in a contemplation which his wife took care not to disturb, for she knew the symptoms of the disease and how to forestall its attacks. I imitated her silence. If she did not ask me to go away, perhaps she thought that the game of backgammon would amuse the Count and dissipate the fatal nervous susceptibility whose outbursts were so trying to her. Nothing was more difficult than to induce the Count to play this game of backgammon, which he always eagerly desired. Like a *petite maîtresse* he liked to be entreated, compelled, so as not to have the air of incurring an obligation, probably because he knew that he did incur one. If after an interesting conversation I forgot for a while the expected importunities, he became quite out of humour, rude, saying things that hurt us, and showing his dissatisfaction by contradicting everything that was said. Warned by his ill-temper I proposed a game to him; then he began to coquet. "In the first place," he said, "it is too late, and then you don't care to play." Then he began to feign this thing or that, like women who end by deceiving you as to their real wishes. I humiliated myself, I supplicated him to practise me in a science so easily forgotten when discontinued. This time I had need of a wild gaiety to decide him to play. He complained of giddiness which prevented him from calculating, he said his skull seemed squeezed in a vice, he heard whistlings, he suffocated, and made prodigious sighs. At last he consented to sit down. Madame de Mortsauf left us to see the children put to bed, and have family prayers. All went on well during her absence. I arranged matters for M. de Mortsauf to win, and his luck soon produced a favourable alteration in his looks. The sudden transition from a sadness which had drawn from him sinister predictions about himself to this joy of a man intoxicated, this wild laughter, disquieted and chilled me. I had never seen him in an attack so plainly manifested. Our intimate acquaintance had produced its fruits, and he no longer treated me with ceremony. Each day he tried to include me in the circle of his tyranny, to ensure to himself a new pasture for his ill-temper; for it really seems as if moral maladies were creatures having appetites and instincts, and which would increase the space of their empire as a proprietor would augment his estate. The Countess came down and approached the backgammon table to see her work better, but she sat at her embroidery-frame with ill-disguised apprehension. A most unfortunate move, which I could not hinder, changed the Count's expression. It had been gay, it became ghomy; the face had been red, it became yellow; the eyes vacillated. Then came a new misfortune that I could neither foresee nor repair. M. de Mortsauf himself brought about a cast which settled his fate. He immediately sprang to his feet, threw the table on me, the lamp to the ground, struck the console with his fist, and jumped about the drawing-room—I can hardly say that he walked. The torrent of insults, of imprecations, of incoherent phrases which poured out of his mouth would have made one believe the man possessed with a devil, as in the middle ages. I left the room, but he did not perceive it. From the terrace I heard the bursts of his voice coming from his chamber. Through the tempest I heard also the angel's voice, which at intervals rose like the song of a nightingale when the rain is about to cease.

The plain truth was that M. de Mortsauf went out of his mind occasionally, but his madness was mainly due to the absence of self-control in the ordinary habits of his life. Many men who are perfectly sane feel, in certain circumstances, that it would be decidedly a relief to swear hard and smash lamps or upset tables, but they refrain from doing it, partly because to act in that manner would have the effect of lowering them in the opinion of others, but especially because it would lower them in their own. M. de Mortsauf represents a class of men not confined to France, yet certainly, from the national character and the political history of the country, more common in France than elsewhere, who become bitter because circumstances have debarré them from the sort of career which in youth their prospects authorised them to expect.

The blighting of expectations from great political vicissitudes has been common in France ever since the first Revolution, and active natures which cannot (or fancy they cannot, which amounts to the same thing), on account of their noble birth, find an outlet for their activity in trade, often grow bitter in some solitude like that of Clochegourde. In the case of M. de Mortsauf, Balzac united the different causes which usually tend most directly to produce bitterness. M. de Mortsauf had spoiled his health irretrievably by early excesses, his manly ambition was completely frustrated by the fall of the party to which he belonged, his fortune was gone, except just enough to allow him to vegetate in idleness, and he had no intellectual occupation to give dignity to his retirement and raise him in his own esteem. Under such circumstances, notwithstanding the beneficent influence of a charming and devoted wife, a man not endowed with much more self-control than is commonly found in Frenchmen would accumulate irritability, which from time to time would burst forth like the Icelandic geysers in sudden jets, hissing hot, and very noisy whilst they lasted. If it is madness, it is a sort of madness to which in circumstances equally trying we should most of us be greatly exposed. M. de Mortsauf had missed the most wholesome discipline of life, that of a worthy career, yet had suffered from life's hardest trials. Who can say what he might have been in times more propitious to men of his class and character? He had had dauntless courage, an unswerving loyalty, a firm faith, and his strong prejudices would have had all the effects of virtues in an earlier state of society. Speaking of his infirmities to their guest, his wife had a glimpse of that better life which might have been:—

Combien de maux a causés l'émigration! Combien de belles existences perdues! Il eût été, j'en suis certaine, un grand homme de guerre, l'honneur de son pays.

STONE ARCHITECTURE IN THE TENTH CENTURY.

IN the last number of the *Archæological Journal* Mr. J. H. Parker has again stirred up a very old controversy which we really thought had been pretty well settled. We had really thought that the notion that "the Saxons" could build nothing at all, or could build nothing but wood, was by this time sleeping quietly in the same limbo as so many other odd superstitions about the early ages of English history. We remember very well when, if any man hinted that King Harold and Earl Leofric could have found masons capable of putting stone and mortar together, he was at once told that, according to Bede, the Saxons could do nothing better than build churches of logs of wood and cover them with thatch. When a stone church was by some odd chance built among them by a stranger, they wondered at it as something to which they were quite unaccustomed. To be sure when the man who heard all this turned to his Bede, he found that Bede was not talking about "Saxons" at all. The people who built the church of wood and covered it with thatch turned out to be Scots of the seventh century, and the people who wondered at the stone church turned out to be Strathclyde Britons of the sixth, and a very obstinate objector might perhaps murmur that these facts could not prove much as to the building powers of Englishmen in the eleventh. The people who argued in this way would have thought it very odd if a statement about the architecture of France in the time of Louis the Eleventh had been thought to be set aside by a statement about the architecture of England in the time of Edward the Confessor, because in such an argument as this the ordinary laws of time and space would have been felt to be of some account. But when it came to the "Saxons," considerations of this kind were no longer thought of. Among the barbarous people who lived in this island before the coming of William the Norman, a difference of four or five hundred years could not be of much importance. It mattered little when they lived, or whether they talked English, Welsh, or Irish, just as little as it mattered at what time they kept Easter, or in what way they shaved the heads of their priests. Nay, as a good many people have believed and put in print that William the Conqueror was sent over hither by Gregory the Great, it might even be thought that among such uncouth people as "Saxons" it could not make much difference whether they worshipped Christ or Woden. But if any one had got so far in those distant times as to venture to hint at any of these little difficulties, he was at once made short work of by being told that the "Saxon" word for to build was *timbrian*. *Timbrian* must have something to do with timber, and a people who called building a thing *timbering* it were shown by the very evidence of their language to have built of wood and of nothing else. In those days perhaps few might have been found to answer that *timbrian* is cognate with *δένειν*, *domus*, *dominus*, *dame*—explaining perhaps that mysterious German word *frauenzimmer*—and the *domes* of St. Sophia and St. Paul's. It might have been answered that, if an English church of the tenth or eleventh century was proved to be of wood because it was said to be *timbered*, the minsters of Köln and Milan might be equally proved to be of wood because they were severally called the *Dom* and the *duomo*. Nobody then perhaps was sharp enough for this; but even then people sometimes ventured to hint that the meanings of words did sometimes change, that you could not always strictly infer the meaning of a word from its etymology; but, as they had sometimes heard of a white blackbird, as, in the technical language of architecture itself, they had sometimes heard of "plain Decorated" and "late Early English," so it did not seem absolutely impossible that, by the like caprice of language, a

stone building might be said to be *timbered*. We are talking of times, if not "sixty years since," at least thirty years since. Since then history, and architectural history as part of it, has been more scientifically studied. Professor Willis, to speak of only one name out of many, has, in his histories of Canterbury and Winchester, shown what great works were done in those churches in the tenth century by Odo and Æthelwald severally; and he has shown how at York it is not unlikely that some small fragments of the stone church of Eadwine and Paullinus still abide among the manifold changes of the crypt. The early history of England has been cleared from the darkness which hung over it, and the working of two little sums has thrown no small light on several matters. Instead of the popular belief that all "the Saxons" lived at the same time, a few minutes' handling of the Arabic figures showed that between Augustine and Harold as long a time passed as between Harold and Henry the Eighth, and that between Hengest and Harold as long a time passed as between Harold and Charles the Second. The history of Romanesque architecture has been studied with special care, and has been made perfectly intelligible. The so-called "Saxon" style, instead of being looked on as a sort of unaccountable *lusus nature*, now takes its place as one variety of Primitive Romanesque, surviving from the days when all Western Europe drew its models from Italy. All this is now well understood. We had thought that the dream that "the Saxons" could build only in wood had gone after the kindred dream that "the Saxons" went naked and stained themselves with woad; we had thought that the belief that Bæda and the verb *timbrian* could prove something about English architecture in the tenth or eleventh century had gone the way of the kindred belief that, when Caractacus and his family were brought before Claudius, the Emperor remarked that they were "non Angli sed angeli."

We were therefore a little surprised to find so distinguished an antiquary as Mr. Parker, the chief master of English mediæval domestic architecture, taking the opportunity of a description of the church of St. Mary at Guildford—a building containing some work of Primitive Romanesque—which he has just written in the *Archæological Journal*, to put forth views about this matter which we thought were dead and buried. We must surely, we thought, be listening to the people who went to the Alfred Millennium, or to the people who were so surprised at the *Tellage* being called a myth, and not to a man of research like Mr. Parker, when we read in 1872 exactly the same sort of thing that we might have read in 1842. Speaking of the tower at Guildford, Mr. Parker says:—

I am aware that many well-informed persons consider the tower as of the time of King Alfred, and this involves the whole question whether the English people were in the habit of building in stone before the eleventh century. I have long since come to the conclusion that they were not, and I see no reason to change my opinion. The Anglo-Saxon for the word to build is *tymbereu*, which implies that they were accustomed to build in wood only.

For *tymbereu* we suppose we should read *timbrian*, and the *timbrian* argument we think we are pretty well done with already. It comes to much the same as if one were to argue that, among the people who used the mysterious wooden verb, every Ealdorman must have been a man of venerable years, and that no Thegn could have been anything more than a mere servant.

Mr. Parker then goes on to say:—

I have never been able to find any remains that I could fairly place earlier than the first half of the eleventh century (with a very few exceptions, and excepting the remains of Roman work). Bæda's account of the building of Benedict Biscop at Yarrow, and Monks' Wearmouth, in Northumberland, show that they were quite exceptional buildings in the Roman manner. The small remains that we have of them are just enough to show that the existing buildings are not of that period, but have been rebuilt in the time of William Rufus, as recorded in the "Durham Chronicle," published by the Surtees Society, and edited by the late Mr. Raine. The construction of the present buildings agrees with that period, and there are some small portions of the earlier building used as old materials and built in.

All this is a little amazing; every one knows that in 676 Benedict Biscop brought masons out of Gaul to build him a stone church after the Roman fashion. But it is rather leaping to a conclusion to make this prove that stone churches were exceptional for the whole time of more than three hundred years afterwards. To go no further, what does Mr. Parker make of the still earlier stone church at York which Eadwine began and which Oswald finished? What does he make of the building of Wilfrith at Ripon, which was of stone and something more?—"Basilica polito lapide a fundamentis in terra usque ad summum edificata, variis columnis et porticibus suffulta." What about Ealdhelms church at Bradford, which is alive to speak for itself? Then about the churches of Benedict Biscop, we cannot guess where Mr. Parker has read their history. We do not know the *Durham Chronicle* edited by the late Mr. Raine; but we do know Simeon of Durham's History of the Church of Durham, which the Surtees Society is going to publish, but which as yet we have to study in the "Decem Scriptores." There will be found the whole account of the buildings reared by Eadwine, not under William Rufus, but under William the Conqueror, and of those buildings we have had occasion to speak in more than one topographical notice in our own columns. Instead of there merely being "some small portions" of the earlier building used as old materials, there are large portions of the work of 676, and other large portions of the work of 1074, the distinction between which is as plain as any distinction can be. But Mr. Parker is not satisfied with uproot-

ing the earliest buildings of England; he goes on to uproot everything for the space of five hundred years throughout the whole world:—

In the long interval between the years 500 and 1000 (in round numbers) it appears to have been the general custom in most parts of the world to live in wooden houses, and to use wood almost entirely for other buildings also. In the tenth century we are told by contemporary writers that it was the general belief of the people that the world would come to an end at the year 1000. This led them to erect temporary buildings only, but immediately after that year, when they believed that the world was to last another thousand years, they began vigorously to build in stone, and that very substantially, though rudely at first. There were no masons—no skilled workmen, the people had everything to learn from imitating the Roman buildings then remaining.

Mr. Parker's chronology is beyond us. "The long interval between 500 and 1000"—between Theodoric and Otto the Third—in which men "used wood almost entirely," takes in the building of St. Vital and most of the other buildings at Ravenna; it takes in St. Sophia itself, it takes in Romainmoutier and Lorsch and Aachen; it takes in the beginnings of St. Mark at Venice. These are, to say the least, somewhat important exceptions to the rule by which wood was used almost entirely. The notion that all the Kings, Popes, and Emperors from 500 to 1000 could find nobody to build anything in stone, and that after 1000 men began again to build in stone as a kind of newly recovered art, is about as amazing as anything we ever heard of. But it is almost more amazing when Mr. Parker, after complaining of the badness of the masonry during the first half of the eleventh century, adds,

These early buildings were for the most part swept away by the Normans.

Mr. Parker in no way confines this sweeping process to England, Apulia, and Sicily. It would seem that through "most parts of the world" the Normans set forth on this errand of destruction. Once, during the reign of Henry the Fourth, "Willelhelms Bostar, Rex Anglorum" was certainly looked for at Aachen. We must now suppose that he got there, and that he did a good deal of mischief on the road.

Mr. Parker's notions about the tenth century, as a time when, as he adds in a note, "the art of building in stone had almost died out, and all the other arts were at the lowest possible ebb," sound very funny to one who remembers that these were the times of the Saxon Emperors in the West, of the Macedonians in the East, and in our own land of Æthelstan the Glorious and Eadgar the Peaceful, and when the marriages of Edith and Theophano tied Europe together from Winchester to Constantinople. When Mr. Parker thinks that nothing could have been built, Dunstan was building at Glastonbury, Odo at Canterbury, Æthelwald at Winchester; it was the time of great works at Ely, Ramsey, Worcester, Wells, Fécamp, Beauvais, Köln, Soest, and Aachen—we simply write down names which occur to us without research—buildings many of which were doubtless swept away by the Normans, but which once existed all the same:—

μόνον γὰρ αὐτοῦ καὶ θεοῦ στερημένοι
ἀγίνετα ποτεῖν ὅσ' αὖν ἦ πεπραγμένα.

The whole thing is a dream; the facts are all one way, but Mr. Parker has a theory another way. The only authority that he quotes is the well known passage of Rudolf Glaber, who does not say that nothing was built in the tenth century, but only that a great deal was built in the eleventh. He says that about the year 1003 people began to rebuild the churches, though the existing ones were very good, and did not need to be rebuilt. "Contigit in universo pene orbe, præcipue tamen in Italia et in Gallia, innovari ecclesiarum basilicas, licet pleræque decenter locatæ minime indiguissent." His words show that it was a mere fashion, a change of style, a fancy for making things bigger; they quite upset the notion of stone building coming in as something new. Never was a passage more utterly turned away from its natural meaning to support a theory.

The facts of the case are perfectly plain. Buildings are built of such materials as are to be had. In a woody country, wood remains long in use; in a country rich in stone, stone soon supplants it. In Cnut's day a "minster of stone and lime" was remarkable in Essex; a "ligna basilica" was remarkable in Somerset. The like would have been the case long before and long after Cnut's day. Paullinus built a stone church at York; he built a wooden one at Campodonum. At Wilton a stone church supplanted a wooden one in the eleventh century; at Manchester the like happened in the fifteenth. Stone and wood have always been used side by side; but as woods are cleared, as skill increases, wood goes out of use and stone and brick take its place. Stone building never died out; it was not begun again as a new thing in the eleventh century, though the eleventh century was a time of a most remarkable development in point of architectural style.

We should not have gone into all this at length, had not the old dream turned up again in such a quarter as the *Archæological Journal* and in the hands of such a man as Mr. Parker. Mr. Parker in his own line, as the expounder of English manor houses, is hardly inferior to Mr. Clark as the expounder of English castles. But it is plain that he has not made any study of the general history of the world, or of the special history of architecture as part of it.

PROTESTANT PROPAGANDISM IN ROME.

THE bitterness of recent Papal Allocutions may be explained, if not excused, by an aggression which is as novel as it must be provoking, but for which the known zeal of British propagandists ought to have prepared us, if it had not prepared the Papal Court. It was hardly to be expected that, when the civil terrors of the ecclesiastical Government were once repressed, and its authority supplanted, the multiform emissaries of Exeter Hall would deny themselves the luxury of a free excursion into the long-forbidden domains of the Scarlet Woman. But perhaps only Protestant propagandism of a sanguine type ever ventured to anticipate the time when Exeter Hall should be morally transferred to the city of the Popes, and the Vatican itself echo the clamorous assaults of Little Bethel. Pius IX. has suffered many misfortunes and some affronts, but it may well be questioned whether any sorrow or humiliation is comparable to the infliction of witnessing, without the power of resistance or the right of protest, the petty aggressiveness of a Protestant clique within the walls of Rome. Yet it is to this complexion that things have now come. Middle-aged English gentlemen who have ceased to care for the tombs of the Via Appia or the ruins of the Forum, and middle-aged ladies who regard Rome in the same simple light in which it is regarded by Mr. Spurgeon—i.e. as the seat of St. Paul's preaching and suffering—hold their little councils together, and proceed to threaten the Papacy with their squeaking penny trumpets. Amid the rattling of tea-cups and the effusiveness of feminine chatter, pet missionaries recount the success of their onslaught on the votaries of the "Man of Sin." In such descriptions, it is needless to say, decency, courtesy, and taste are sacrificed to the exigencies of traditional invective. Moderation is treason to the cause of truth, and a tone of courtesy implies a paltering with the Mystery of Iniquity. The usual strain of anathematization is adopted, and provokes the usual quantity of self-complacency. In this country we know well the flavour of Evangelical rhetoric, but the novelty of its echoes under the walls of St. Peter's is startling, not only to those who remember the former régime of Rome, but also to those who have not forgotten the amenities of theological discussion among civilized nations. Last year witnessed a dispute which it was indeed strange to listen to in Rome; but neither the priests nor the Protestants who debated the question of St. Peter's visit to the Eternal City forgot the obligations of mutual civility and good breeding.

On the duty of maintaining even towards obdurate Papists a courteous and tolerant demeanour it would be useless for us to enlarge. But it is not superfluous to point out the impolicy of carrying the virulence of an ignorant Spurgeonism into the schools and lecture-rooms of Rome itself. The cause of Italian education, to say nothing of Italian conversion, is a very grave and interesting cause. It is impossible to exaggerate its importance or its difficulty. And just in proportion as it is difficult and important do the operations of the Protestant zealots seem to be unseasonable and ill-advised. We are not, indeed, aware that there is *primâ facie* a special call for them to convert Roman Catholics at all. For, under all circumstances and in all places, the subversion of one kind of faith is more easy than the substitution of another. Many of those who yield a willing ear to Protestant ridicule or denunciation do so because they like to hear the Catholic religion laughed at, not because they desire to put Protestantism in its place. Of the Italian opponents of Romanism a far greater number are actuated by a hatred of all religion than by zeal for a pure religion; of the Italians who last year assembled in Rome to listen to the advocates of ecclesiastical reform, the majority were attracted by the hope of hearing priests and cardinals denounced. Nor would it be difficult to collect a large male audience, from a class far above the lowest, eager to hear the doctrine of supernaturalism derided and the worship of the Virgin scoffed at. But such an audience would have as little faith in the general scope of revelation as it has in modern miracles or the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. It simply hates and despises the belief of the Catholic and the belief of the Protestant with equal intensity. Now it is such a class as this which listens with unfeigned pleasure, though not with unmixed sympathy, to the teaching of Protestant zealots. It hates priests, and it applauds the denunciation of priests. It disbelieves in the Divine Son, and therefore it scoffs at the Blessed Mother. It echoes the sneers at Papal infallibility, because it disbelieves in Popes, priests, apostles, and evangelists. Such disciples are hardly worth the breath which is spent in flattering their prejudices and their bigotry. But the declamation and the vituperation which tickle the ears of the Italian infidel deeply wound the religious sentiment of the Italian believer. He stands aghast and horrified at the ribald jest which assails the sanctity of the sacraments and the divinity of the Virgin. His whole life has been coloured, his every feeling permeated, by the influence of the supernatural and the unseen. From his infancy he has gazed upon the heavenly beauty of the Mother of the Lord, limned by reverential and cunning hands. He has seen her smile upon his prayers, and felt her protecting power in sickness and sorrow. To tell such a man that he has been worshipping idols, and that the object of his adoration was a mere ordinary woman, differing from other women only as being the accidental vehicle of a new revelation, is to outrage his religious feelings beyond all measure. And yet such is the strong food which the Protestant propagandist expects him to digest. The disgust of the

pupil is in proportion to the harshness and crudity of the lesson taught.

Were the only results of Protestant propagandism to abet the infidel tendencies of one class of Italians and to irritate the religious susceptibilities of another, the obvious conclusion would be that the sooner it was discontinued the better. And this would be the true conclusion in this case, were it not for a certain other consideration which gives a wholly different character to the question. There does happen to exist among Italian Catholics a class of persons who, while professing loyal adherence to the general tenor of Catholic doctrine, are alienated from the Church by the mechanical formalism of its rites, the ignorance and irreverence of many of the priesthood, the hateful effects of a sacerdotal polity, and the utter want of spiritual religion among professed believers. These men, less rationalistic than German and less literal than English Protestants, wish to blend with the forms of their own Church some of the more thoughtful and spiritual principles of the Reformed Churches. They wish to diffuse among the people some knowledge of the books which embody the precepts and early history of Christianity, and to substitute for the superstitious acquiescence in existing worship a reasoning and reasonable religion. They wish also to have a higher standard of clerical character and attainment in the priesthood. These men, more common in Northern than in Southern Italy, and approximating more to Teutonic than to Southern sentiment, are possibly the germ of a renewed, if not a new, Catholic Church. If supported and strengthened, they may perhaps eventually do for the Roman Catholic religion that which it was at one time supposed that the Newmans, the Mannings, and other English converts might do, but which they have notoriously not done, in the way of correcting abuses, raising the tone of opinion, and crushing the corrupt formalism, or more corrupt power, of the priesthood. If they succeed in such an enterprise, they will prolong the existence of the Church centuries beyond the date at which it now seems likely to succumb to the forces of hostile scepticism and internal indifference. In such an enterprise they deserve the support of all serious and thoughtful men who believe that religion is not a mere sentimental luxury, and that nations cannot live without a faith. But this support will not come from the ranters of the Tabernacle or the blatant heralds of ultra-Protestant sectarianism. Humility and courtesy are as much as ever the accoutrements of the Christian ministry, and illiterate brawlers no more find now than they did in the days of St. Paul powers of persuasion and conversion in the license of rude and vulgar abuse.

It is to be hoped, then, that the new movement may yet find in its Protestant abettors wise and temperate auxiliaries. There is much to be done in Italy, and not least in Rome, for the education of the people. There are districts where the inhabitants are more savage than they were in the days of the Cæsars. There are districts within no long radius from Rome, wherein boys and girls grow up in a state of barbarism not very unlike that of an African village; and the province of Naples exhibits a condition infinitely worse than that of Rome. It is a grave and unpardonable scandal that an all-powerful Church, which numbered its ministers by tens of thousands, and possessed great social influence, should have allowed so large a portion of its members to vegetate for centuries in such horrible savagery; without belief, without reverence, without humanity, without honesty, without cleanliness, in the blindest ignorance and the most grovelling superstition. This state of things can be rectified only by the efforts of the Church itself; and no successful effort in this direction will be made until a new spirit has created a new organization within its pale. It is competent for earnest and laborious men of catholic sympathies to assist those who, inside the Romish Church, are anxious to reform its abuses and extend its beneficial influence. And, to enable them to do so, it is especially desirable that their efforts should not be cramped by perverse zeal and violence of temper or language. Should their efforts prove fruitless, it will indeed be a sad prospect for Italy. With more than half of her male urban population avowedly infidel, and the bulk of her rural population steeped in barbarous superstition, she will offer only too palpable facilities for the experimental tricks of Communists and Jacobins. With us an uprising of the infidel and anarchical classes would not be without danger in certain centres of population; but the trained intelligence and religious education of the middle and of a section of the lower classes would, together with the traditional influence of the upper classes, reduce this danger to the narrowest limits. But in Italy, where the Church has lost its hold on the educated men of the upper and middle classes, where the monarchy is new and exotic, where the nobility has no political influence, where the masses are tainted with Mazzinism and scepticism, there are few elements of resistance strong enough to stay the downward impulse. One possible element of safety exists in the devotional tendencies innate in the Italian people. These, often insulted and outraged, and finally estranged, by the ignorance or presumption of priests or by the audacious pretensions of the Vatican, it would still be competent for the enlightened teachers of an uncorrupted faith to revive and enlist in a powerful defence of civilization, religion, and orderly government. But such an effect will not be produced by the prating of self-constituted apostles or the braying literalism of a presumptuous Spurgeonism.

SNOW IN LONDON.

IT is scarcely possible to conceive a more pitiable spectacle than that of a great city like London, with all the appliances of wealth and civilization at command, in a state of abject and miserable degradation and helplessness in consequence of a fall of snow. If snow were an utterly unknown and unprecedented phenomenon, one could perhaps understand it. If London woke one morning to find that an earthquake had shaken open a great gulf between Piccadilly and Charing Cross, or that an avalanche was thundering down Ludgate Hill and blocking up Fleet Street, there might be some reason for surprise and bewilderment. But most of us have a recollection of having seen snow once or twice in our lives. We have ourselves a notion that there are few years in which there is not at least one fall of snow. Yet whenever the snow comes, it seems to be always received as if it were something perfectly novel and never before heard of, and nobody knows what to do with it. Householders are required to clear away the snow from the pavement in front of their houses, and the police appear to be pretty sharp in keeping people up to their duty in this respect. The police can summon disobedient householders, but they have no power over the local authorities who are responsible for the roadways. The snow from the pavement is shovelled into the road, the carts and carriages churn their way through the middle of the highway, and huge banks of snow and mud are thrown up on each side, a terror to pedestrians, and, if they happen to freeze in the night, a danger to wheels. A good deal of snow fell on Sunday last, and all locomotion in the metropolis was almost instantly arrested. The omnibuses and tramways gave up at once, and by midday the cabs also had retired from the hopeless struggle. Next day the greater part of London was still impassable. No man who respected his horses would send them out to plough through the dismal quagmire of dirt and snow. Cabs made a desperate effort to get about with extra horses attached tandem-fashion, but double fares scarcely repaid the wear and tear of horseflesh and vehicles. Happily a quick thaw came to the rescue. If the snow had not melted away of its own accord, there is no saying when it would have been removed. Very likely we shall have some more snow, and if we do, we shall of course have a repetition of the same disgraceful incidents. The management of the roads is one of the darkest mysteries of local government. Important thoroughfares are blocked up for days and weeks, while a little handful of labourers dawdle, with frequent intervals for refreshment, over a bit of work that could easily be finished off, if undertaken in earnest and with a proper staff, in ten or twelve hours. Work of this kind should be done at night or in the early morning, and done as quickly as possible. But somehow contractors are omnipotent and vestries submissive. It would be interesting to know whether the contractors who are paid for cleansing the streets are exempted by a special clause from attempting to do anything in very wet or snowy weather. At ordinary times there is a certain show of doing something; but directly bad weather sets in, and the streets require special attention, they are fairly left to themselves. Day by day the mud or slush accumulates, the slough deepens, and the only hope of relief is a kindly shower. The contractors are evidently fair weather friends; in our time of greatest need no trace of them is to be found. No doubt the snow is a very troublesome thing to dispose of. A correspondent of the *Daily News* has gone into an alarming calculation as to the number of carts that would be required to carry off so many cubic feet of snow. To cart away every particle of snow would certainly be a formidable task; but there is an obvious difference between making a clean sweep of the snow and letting it alone. Even if it is impossible to get rid of it altogether, it might be within the scope of human effort to get rid of a little of it; and for small mercies in that way we should have reason to be thankful.

It is easy to grumble about these things, but it would be too much to expect that any amount of grumbling will bring about a reform. The local authorities are beyond the reach of criticism, and every year there is a monotonous repetition of the old scandals. The amount that is spent by private householders in sixpences and shillings for clearing the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings would more than suffice, under proper management, to pay for clearing the roadway as well and carting the snow away. All that is wanted is a little organization. A heavy fall of snow produces simultaneously two results. It puts a stop to labour in one direction, and creates a demand for labour in another direction. A great many men, such as bricklayers, navvies, &c., are thrown out of work, just at the moment when the services of such men are wanted to clear away the accumulation of snow from the streets. The poor fellows would be glad of a job, and the public would be glad to incur a moderate expenditure in order to be relieved from an intolerable nuisance. All this has been pointed out over and over again. Every year the old homilies are preached, and it is shown that charity could hardly take a more useful form than the temporary employment of destitute labourers in this manner. Yet somehow nothing is ever done. Here are supply and demand side by side, as if made for each other, and yet there would seem to be no means of bringing them together. One of these days there may possibly be such a thing as a regular system of local government established in London, and it may be hoped that then this matter will receive attention. But all that needs to be done might be done at once by the existing bodies if they had a mind to do it. The town should

be divided into districts of reasonable size, each under the charge of an official told off for the purpose. The work-houses would undertake to supply a certain contingent of able-bodied paupers, and if it were known that labourers out of work could obtain a job by putting down their names at the work-houses or the police stations, there would be certain at such a season to be no deficiency of hands. The different gangs would be told off to their work in a systematic manner, the routes they should follow having been carefully considered and decided beforehand; and by midday the town would be, if not absolutely clean, at least in a state of decent order. Part of the snow would be carted away, and the rest would be collected in little heaps at convenient intervals. The expense of the operation would be comparatively small, certainly not more than the separate payments of householders at present; the money thus spent would be a valuable boon to unemployed and destitute labourers; and the health and comfort of the population at large would be greatly promoted. Nothing could be simpler or easier than this; but of course it is much too simple and easy and obvious ever to be done, at any rate in our time. It has been observed that the continuous rains of last autumn and winter helped to cleanse the streets and to keep down the mortality. It might be thought that, for so important an object, London was rich enough to be able to afford a regular supply of water, independently of the rainfall. With the Thames at hand, it should not be very difficult to give London a good washing down every morning before the rush of traffic begins to pass over it. Asphalted streets, well watered, would reduce to a minimum the dissemination of dust and accumulations of dirt, as well as the irritating and wearisome noise of the rolling traffic. Now that Baron Haussmann is at leisure, it is a pity his experience cannot be turned to account in the English capital. The management of the chief thoroughfares of Paris in the Baron's time was certainly as nearly perfect as anything that can be imagined. The luxury of clean streets is one that London would find well worth paying for. As it is, a modern Gay might sing

The toils, the perils of the wintery town,

and have no difficulty in obtaining materials for a second "Trivia." The snow-fall of Sunday brought with it one rather startling result, which did not tend to restore the cheerfulness of the community. To turn from the dismal and depressing scene out of doors, the heaps of dirty snow, the slough of slush and mud, the staggering horses and shivering pedestrians, to the bright and clear fire, was a natural impulse with such as had fires to turn to; but the contemplation of the grate was deprived of much of its pleasantness by the sudden and tremendous rise in the price of coal. Eight shillings a ton is rather an alarming advance in a single day. Coals which not long ago were twenty shillings a ton are now forty-eight, and it is doubtful whether even this high price may not be exceeded. To some extent the increased cost of delivering coals when the ground is thick with snow justified a rise in price; but the principal reason was simply that the coal-owners had absolute command of the market, and could do as they liked. Snowy weather always produces a greater consumption of coal; and it was probably foreseen that an advance of prices, so far from checking the demand, would be likely to stimulate it, by creating a sort of panic, and frightening people into buying coals at once lest the price should go up still higher. There can be no doubt that the calculation was a sound one, and showed a shrewd knowledge of human nature. A moderate rise would have had little effect, but a jump of eight shillings all at once has fluttered the community, and filled it with vague fears of an approaching coal famine. There is of course a bitter outcry against the "extortions" of the coal-owners and dealers, and a demand has been raised for an official inquiry into the causes of the scarcity and dearness of coals. As far as the dealers are concerned, they are, we suspect, not altogether to be envied. These sudden changes of price disturb all their calculations, and make the trade risky and uncertain. It appears that it is not usual to keep large stocks of coal in London, and the dealers are therefore at the mercy of the owners, and are liable to suffer from unexpected fluctuations of price as well as their customers. The losses of the last week or so must, however, have been a small set-off against the large profits which the dealers have been previously making. The colliery owners, of course, are simply exercising their legal right to get the best price they can for their goods. They have a right to conduct their business in their own way, and it would be absurd to have an official investigation into circumstances the nature of which is sufficiently plain and obvious. The recent strikes have given the colliery proprietors a partial monopoly of the market supply of coal, as little is coming from the pits, and the market is fed mainly from stocks on hand. This limitation of the supply is for the moment akin to that which would be occasioned by an exhaustion of the coal measures. It seems to be not improbable that the disturbance of industry through the strikes of the miners will lead to the substitution of machinery for manual labour to a great extent in mining operations. A machine for coal-cutting, invented by Sir W. Armstrong, has had a year's practical trial, and is pronounced satisfactory. It will be more useful for the public to consider what it can do for itself in the way of economizing fuel than to expend its vexation in idle denunciations of any class of tradesmen. It is admitted that the ordinary English fireplace is wasteful and extravagant in the consumption of coal, but there is naturally a perplexing difference of opinion

as to the best kind of grate or stove to be substituted. And in any case a domestic revolution of this nature is not to be accomplished all at once. Even if householders could make up their minds what to do, only a small minority of them have power to carry out their wishes in the houses in which they live, and which usually belong, not to themselves, but to their landlords. The dearthness of coal may possibly give an impulse to the manufacture of artificial fuel, in which coal-dust can be utilized with other materials. It is doubtful, however, whether there is anything more really economical than good coals, if carefully used in a fireplace of proper construction.

CRIMINAL LIABILITY FOR COLLISION.

THE Spanish Consul has appealed to the generosity of the English people, and has asked us to suspend our judgment upon the captain and crew of the *Murillo* until the facts of her alleged collision with the *Northfleet* have been thoroughly investigated. It might be answered that England will be generous in the expectation that Spain will be just. Let the truth be ascertained, and let the universal law of humanity be applied, and then not only England, but all the civilized world, which has an interest in this matter, will be satisfied. It may be remarked, however, that the circumstances to which the Spanish Consul has particularly adverted do not seem favourable to his clients. The "special features of the locality" are, or ought to be, tolerably familiar to all ships which frequent English ports. The *Northfleet* was anchored in a berth suitable for her size, and it is notorious that in such weather the roadstead in which she was lying is likely to be fully occupied. A ship which approaches a well-known anchorage at night is bound to use caution. It is like the act of letting off a gun at random, which would be harmless on an open common, but culpable in a crowded street. Undoubtedly circumstances combined to render the collision particularly disastrous, but it is therefore all the more to be lamented that the authors of the calamity did not do their utmost to mitigate it. If perfect order had prevailed, the boats of the *Northfleet* might have been utilized to their full capacity. But one of them pushed off in such a hurry that a plug-hole was left open in her bottom which nearly sunk her. The question asked last week as to the omission of signal guns has been answered. There was a gun on board, but the sponge stuck in it and the screw which should have extracted the sponge broke. But perhaps guns would have obtained no more attention than rockets. From various accidents the help which was not far distant did not come in time, but that is no excuse for the means of help which were actually on the spot being withdrawn.

In order to ascertain what may be reasonably expected from a foreign court of justice, it may be useful to inquire how our own courts would deal with such a case as that of the running down of the *Northfleet*. Now common sense and law agree in this, that there may be a culpable neglect of duty which would amount to what the law calls manslaughter. Thus a manager of a mine neglected to cause an "air-heading" to be put up, and an explosion of fire-damp occurred. The jury in that case were told that if they were satisfied that it was the plain and ordinary duty of the prisoner to have caused an air-heading to be made, and that a man using reasonable diligence would have done it, and that by the omission the death of the deceased occurred, they ought to find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter. In another case the prisoner was an engineer, and his duty was to manage a steam-engine employed for the purpose of drawing up miners from a coal-pit; and when the skip containing the men arrived at the pit's mouth his duty was to stop the revolution of the windlass, so that the men might get out. He deserted his post, leaving the engine in charge of an ignorant boy, who declared himself incompetent to manage it. The boy superintended the raising of two skips from the pit with success; but on the arrival at the pit's mouth of a third, he was unable to stop the engine, and the skip being drawn over the pulleys, one of the men was thrown down the shaft of the pit and killed. Lord Campbell, who tried this case, declared his clear opinion that a man might, by neglect of duty, render himself liable to be convicted of manslaughter. In another case, the prisoner was a banksman at the top of a shaft of a colliery, where there was an engine and ropes to send down bricks and materials in a bucket. The buckets were run on a truck on to a movable stage over half of the area of the top of the shaft, and then the bucket was attached and lowered, the stage being removed. The prisoner had omitted to put the stage on the mouth of the shaft, and in the absence of the stage a bucket with a truck ran along the tramroad, fell down the shaft, and killed a man. The prisoner was found guilty of manslaughter. Lord Campbell said, "It was the duty of the prisoner to place the stage on the mouth of the shaft, and the death of the deceased was the direct consequence of the omission of the prisoner to perform his duty." In an earlier case it had been said that, in order to make the captain of a vessel guilty of manslaughter in causing a person to be drowned by running down a boat, proof of a mere omission on his part to do the whole of his duty is not sufficient. But there is no authority for the position that without an act of commission there can be no manslaughter; and, "on the contrary, the general doctrine seems well established that what constitutes murder being by design and malice prepense, constitutes manslaughter where arising from culpable negligence."

Cases decided forty years ago may not be trustworthy guides as to what would be held to be sound law at the present day. But it is useful to see how facts have been viewed by judges and juries, and therefore we will refer to the trial of a captain and pilot of a steamboat at the Old Bailey in the year 1835 for manslaughter of a person who was on board a smack by running the smack down. The running down was attributed to improper steering of the steamboat, arising from there not being a man at the bow to keep a look-out at the time of the accident. It was proved that there was a man on the look-out when the vessel started, about an hour previous to the accident. According to one witness, the captain and pilot were both on the bridge between the paddle-boxes. According to another witness, the pilot was alone on a paddle-box. It was held that, under these circumstances, there was not such personal misconduct on the part of either the captain or the pilot as to make them guilty of felony. "It is difficult," said one of the judges, "to make felony out of a negligent act of omission, unless the party is bound by law to do the act omitted, as providing food for a child of tender years." This difficulty, as we have already shown, has been to a great extent surmounted by judges in more recent years. But still there is much force in the remark of the judges who tried the case to which we are referring. "Supposing," said one of them, "the captain had put a man at the bow and gone to lie down, and the man had walked away, do you mean to say the captain would be criminally responsible?" The collision occurred within an hour after the steamer started, but still the judges admitted that the captain might lawfully take repose. "A captain cannot be personally active himself for the whole twenty-four hours." It is not intended to suggest that a prosecution of the captain of the steamer which ran down the *Northfleet* would end as this prosecution did, but only to indicate the difficulties which are likely to arise.

Our knowledge of the circumstances of this collision is hardly sufficient to enable us to determine how far the principles above enunciated would be applicable. It was said at the Old Bailey nearly forty years ago, in a case to which reference has been already made, that if there be sufficient light, and the captain of a steamer is either at the helm or in a situation to be giving the command, and does that which causes the injury, he is guilty of manslaughter. There are cases in which the responsibility must either be divided between the captain and the pilot of a ship, or the whole of it must be transferred to the pilot under whose charge the ship has been placed. But we hear nothing of a pilot being on board the *Murillo*. The officer in command of her was a Spaniard, and it may be suspected that he was not thoroughly acquainted with the English coast. If he was on deck, and if the *Northfleet* carried her riding-light, as the witnesses say she did, it would be difficult to acquit him of that degree of culpable negligence which in law constitutes the crime of manslaughter. But it might turn out that he had gone below; and even if we assume that he ought to have been on deck, yet he could hardly be criminally responsible for that which happened in his absence. It is not like the case of the man who left a steam-engine in charge merely of a boy. The captain of a ship is clearly not bound to be always on deck. It is of course possible that criminal liability, if thus avoided by the captain, might devolve on somebody else. But we thus enter upon a wide inquiry. The matter which has affected the public mind is not so much the collision, which after all might turn out to be an example merely of gross carelessness involving civil liability, but the neglect of the offending ship to render assistance to the sufferers. There is a clause in the Merchant Shipping Act of 1862 which provides that, in case of collision between two ships, it shall be the duty of the person in charge of each ship to render to the other ship such assistance as may be practicable, and as may be necessary in order to save them from any danger caused by the collision. If the *Northfleet* had been run down by an English ship and left to her fate, the captain of that ship would have been liable to the modest penalty of losing his certificate. This apparently is all the punishment that could be inflicted on him by our law, and we could hardly complain on finding that the law of another country is not more severe. The breach of a statutory duty is generally a misdemeanour punishable by fine or imprisonment, but here the penalty of loss of certificate which is imposed appears to exclude any other. Parliament will probably consider whether some more severe punishment ought not to be appointed for any British captain who should imitate the conduct of the destroyer of the *Northfleet*. We ought at least to do as much ourselves as we expect from others.

IRRIGATION IN NORTHERN INDIA.

OUR surest title to Indian empire must rest in the willing acquiescence of the masses subject to us, and it will be the best safeguard against agitations fomented by our neighbours should we persuade the native races that they are distinct gainers by our rule. It is very likely that intelligent natives are better informed as to the progress of works of public utility in India than ordinary English politicians. Hindus and Mussulmans are keenly alive to all that goes on around them; Englishmen are inclined to fancy that things in Hindustan are very much as they used to be. The English in India were too long inactive in this direction. A merchants' Company based a policy of consistent aggression on extremely plausible pleas of self-defence. A series

of quarrels and their consequences were perpetually extending an elastic and ill-defined frontier line, and a Government that was generally at war had little time or thought or money to spare for the works of peace. We established order, to be sure, together with a system of justice which was an infinite improvement on any that had preceded it. So far the people found themselves in easier circumstances, and the increasing revenues which they were called upon to contribute pressed far more lightly on them than the larger exactions of earlier times. Yet Hindustan still preserved its old traditions, and, above all, its primitive methods of farming its scorched soil. There was wanton waste in the magnificent forests; teak and sahl trees which could not be replaced in the course of generations fell indiscriminately before the axe of the villager. Tanks that had been built by the munificence of Mogul Emperors, or by such of their more enlightened feudatories as lavished treasure beyond the precincts of the palace and zenana, were suffered to fall into disrepair. The ruin of the tanks, with the diminution of the rainfall consequent on the wholesale devastation of forests, seriously aggravated the scarcity of water which had always been the bane of India. The public works we had undertaken in our fighting days were undertaken mainly from a military point of view, and the country owed the vast improvement in its means of communication chiefly to strategical considerations. Latterly, however, the Government has taken wider views of its responsibilities; admitting that the prosperity of its subjects is indissolubly bound up with its own, it has committed itself to an enlightened policy of "permanent improvements." The forests have been placed in charge of regular commissioners, whose subordinates are carefully trained in schools of forestry formed upon German models. Above all, attention has been directed to economizing and regulating the water supply by the construction of works of canalization and irrigation on a grand scale; and the other day Colonel Greathed, chief engineer of irrigation to the North-Western provinces, read an exhaustive paper on the subject before the Institution of Civil Engineers.

Although minute in its details as to the irrigation works completed, in progress, or in contemplation, the paper was very comprehensive in its range and exceedingly picturesque in its manner of treatment. Not only did Colonel Greathed explain the conditions of climate and soil in Hindustan generally, indicate the average amount of rainfall in the various zones or districts, and dwell on the available water supply that might be obtained by utilizing the river system; but he presented a graphic sketch of the severe struggles of the native cultivators to gain their living and raise their crops in the face of difficulties that are often insuperable. Yet, with all its darker shades, his picture would have been far more gloomy had he not been able to contrast the past with the prospects of the future. It seems strange that we should hitherto have done so little to remedy such a state of things, when the remedy might have been applied so easily and so much to the advantage of an embarrassed treasury. For, if India suffers from scarcity of water, it suffers too from its occasional excess. The famines that depopulate provinces, bringing terrible epidemics in their train, succeed sometimes to inundations as well as to protracted droughts. The duration of the annual rainfall varies greatly, from the Eastern shores of the Bay of Bengal where rain is abundant to the remoter inland plains on the Ganges where the climate is exceptionally dry. It is often possible to store the rain in sufficient quantities to provide against the ensuing drought; and where that is impracticable, water enough may be drawn from the rivers that have their sources among the melting snow-fields of the Himalayas. Unhappily, when nature is left to herself, those melting snows for the most part run to waste, and the Ganges and the Jumna are at their lowest during the driest season of the year. In the months of April, May, and June, during the prevalence of the warm Westerly winds, "vegetation of unwatered plants seems to be suspended." The peasants wait with impatience the advent of the South-West monsoon, when the rain clouds come travelling slowly up the course of the Ganges. Undue delay means injury, and possibly absolute ruin, to all the hopes of the year. Even the hardier Indian corn and millet, which form the staple food of the population, depend in great measure on the early arrival and on the abundance of the rains. On the great North-Western plains, where the whole rain of the year sometimes comes down in a fortnight, the ordinary crops are often utter failures, while the more valuable ones, such as sugar and indigo, depend entirely on artificial irrigation. Even those who live in the immediate vicinity of water can derive but little advantage from their situation; a single landowner can hardly water his own portion of land to much purpose. We are informed, for example, that fifteen lakes in Bundelcund only irrigate at present 1,300 acres. Elsewhere the cultivators depend almost entirely on the primitive plan of well-sinking. On the plains water is usually to be found at a depth of from ten to fifty feet. Where the springs are near the surface, the wells may be sunk cheaply, and may be kept open, although only lined with brushwood. When driven to more considerable depths, brickwork must be used for the lining, and the cost, rising from 15s. to 30s., becomes practically prohibitory. But when water from the great rivers can be led in a variety of channels all about these arid plains, it will often turn the baked and crumbling sand into rich and productive loam; it will secure to the husbandman a return which has hitherto been worse than precarious, and will save him money and money's worth, although he should pay a very considerable price for the water provided him by an irrigation

Company. When this water is once made sure to him, he need never have a succession of lean years to swallow up the profits of the fatter ones, and he may select the most profitable crops in place of falling back upon the hardier products which are best fitted to withstand protracted droughts. The Government, on the other hand, by undertaking works which can only be carried out on a fitting scale by means of combination and ample capital, reclaims semi-deserts that support with difficulty a population of paupers, and covers the land with a contented and industrious peasantry. Above all, while providing cheap facilities of transport for produce and persons, while drawing off superfluous water that might otherwise come down in floods or stagnate and generate malaria, it provides against the periodical recurrence of famine; and, finally, it makes the whole thing pay very handsomely. This last important point being placed beyond all dispute, there seems no reason why a beneficent and remunerative system of irrigation should not be carried out almost indefinitely.

Already in those North-Western provinces which have come specially under Colonel Greathed's supervision irrigation has made highly satisfactory progress. We shall not attempt to give a catalogue of the various systems contemplated or carried out, of which the Ganges and the Jumna are to be the chief feeders. But we may state briefly what Colonel Greathed says of one or two of the leading canals, as indicating the scale on which these irrigation schemes are undertaken. Works consisting mainly of excavation are scarcely likely to be so lasting as massive constructions in stone or brick; yet the Great Ganges Canal might almost take rank with some of those mighty memorials which the Roman Empire has left behind it. The full capacity is 6,500 cubic feet of water in a second; its width of bed on the Solani Aqueduct, eighteen miles from its head, is 164 feet, while its depth is 10 feet. We may remark that the breadth of the Suez Canal is 162 feet; that of the New North Sea Canal 165. The main channel is 348 miles in length, and is navigable throughout; the branches are 306 miles; the distributories 3,071 miles. A carriage road, shaded by timber trees, is kept up along the banks of the main and branch canals. The canal irrigates three-quarters of a million of acres, supplying upwards of five thousand villages; in other words, an area of 320 miles by 50. It is estimated that a water system which shall irrigate the whole country between the Ganges and Jumna may be completed for 5,000,000l. sterling, and will return twelve per cent. on the capital. The Agra Canal, intended to irrigate the districts on the Jumna below Agra, will be completed in the course of the present year; while an Eastern Ganges Canal, to be constructed for the benefit of the plains to the east of the great river, will supply, it is calculated, a district of 450,000 acres. The undertakings we have referred to are far from exhausting the list given by Colonel Greathed, although we may have said enough to give some idea of what is being done for Northern India. Broadly speaking, the Government schemes may be said to embrace the whole upper country, extending to the kingdom of Oude and to the Punjab. Taking the year all round, there is water enough in the rivers to irrigate the vast area of their basins; and even from the point where the canals are made to tap them, there is fall sufficient to enable the engineers to command the water with comparative ease. We should imagine that greater hydrostatic difficulties will be encountered where the necessity for intervention is most urgent—in the deltas formed by such unbridled torrents as the Mahanuddy, which flood the low lands by the sea in famine-haunted provinces like Orissa. There the territory has been devastated from time immemorial; much of it lies under stagnating backwater or great deposits of *débris*, and the rivers are absolutely unnavigable. Very possibly the cost of the necessary works would hardly pay a moderate interest. Yet the Government will doubtless feel it urgent to deal with these districts, subordinating pecuniary considerations to more pressing ones; and a return of twelve per cent. obtained elsewhere should furnish the means without any undue strain on the Treasury. Increased harvests in the Upper Provinces will bring little benefit to isolated districts like some of those in Orissa, unless facilities are provided for transporting to them the superabundance of more favoured regions. In the last famine there was abundance of grain in Bengal, could it only have been delivered where the people were starving. But as the Indian Government has shown itself so much in earnest, and as its schemes promise so well pecuniarily, we may give it credit for resolution to persevere. Perhaps we may best estimate its enterprise and energy by contrasting what it has undertaken among Orientals with whom it had to take the initiative with the backwardness of the authorities in the countries of Southern Europe. We need not go so far as Greece or Turkey. Spain and Italy have much in common with our Indian dominions. They have their short but heavy rains, and their long dry seasons. They have rivers and torrents which would make invaluable servants, but which are suffered to become arbitrary and tyrannical masters. This very winter some of the richest districts in Italy have been submerged because there had been unusually heavy rains in the plains and a warm season had melted the snow in the mountains. Next summer the water that has been permitted to break loose would have done excellent service, had it only been stored or held in reserve. Yet irrigation has been sufficiently practised in Lombardy to encourage its development in a country that counts upon its natural resources for relieving its embarrassed finances. So in Spain, where the Cuban war is draining the exhausted treasury, the irrigation concessions granted to foreigners previously to the last revolution have been permitted to lapse in consequent

of other preoccupations. Really when we compare the lot of our Indian subjects with that of the people who live under the boasted civilizations of Europe, we may say, "O fortunati nimium si sua bona norint."

SOCIETY AND POLITICS IN FIJI.

THE blessings of civilization, including newspapers, are abundantly enjoyed by the white and coloured subjects of King Cacobau. We are happy to learn that in distant Fiji the contest between the *Times* and the *Gazette* proceeds exactly in the manner of polemical journalism in England. The community of which Levuka is the capital desires to become subject to Queen Victoria, but we hardly see how its condition can be improved by annexation. It has nearly everything that we have, and the identical advertisements with which we are too familiar at home occupy a prominent place in the *Fiji Times*. All the people of any consideration have "Esq." after their names; a supply of Worcester Sauce is kept at a store in the town, and the Ladies of Levuka are organizing a grand charitable fête. There are many Conservatives in England who honestly believe that Mr. Gladstone holds office simply because he would starve without his official salary; and we find that the politics of Fiji are viewed from an equally personal point of view. A correspondent states that the Chief Secretary took office under pledges of retrenchment and reform, but "his aim was the 500*l.* per annum." His plantation being a failure, it was necessary to his very existence to grasp a Ministerial salary, and to sacrifice the best interests of his country for the sake of his pocket. Let us hope that the Chief Secretary does not regard this kind of thing any more than Mr. Gladstone. The correspondent strongly urges annexation to England as a means at once of shelving the Chief Secretary, and of obtaining "substantial and immediate benefit and prosperity to all" in Fiji. We should feel more flattered by the compliment conveyed to England if we did not apprehend that England would have to pay for it. But obviously one of the first consequences of annexation would be the introduction of a Fiji loan upon our stock-market. It is not wonderful that Fiji should desire to share the benefit which is so freely bestowed on Australia and New Zealand. "Our credit would be increased if we had a really powerful government." It is thus that annexation is recommended, and the argument has considerable force. Trade is depressed, and the cause is said to be an absence of confidence in the stability of the country and in the security of investments. There is not sufficient capital in Fiji, and trade languishes for want of it. If this be a true description of the country, the settlers in it may reasonably desire to be annexed to England, and English statesmen might perhaps incline to gratify the desire. We express no opinion as to the expediency of annexation, but we venture to say that the possibility of incurring an annual outlay ought not to deter us from it. This country owes something to the world, and if civilization is really likely to be promoted by our help to Fiji, we ought not to withhold it. If the civilization it now enjoys is not altogether a lovely spectacle, we ought at least to own that it too faithfully reproduces many features of our own society. The existing Government, after a year and half of trial, have not succeeded in creating that sense of security which would invite enterprise and capital. Immigration has fallen off, and the price of land does not advance. Under English rule banks would be established; the planter could get advances in cash on the security of his produce, and could thus pay off the storekeeper and buy afterwards in the cheapest market. The soil and climate are good, but capital and labour are greatly wanting. As regards capital, it can hardly be doubted that it would be attracted under English rule; but the importation of labour might occasion difficulties. We all know that the ideas of Fiji planters on this subject are not quite in harmony with our own. But as the importation of so-called free labour is certain to proceed, this country would perhaps do well to assume the power to regulate it creditably.

On the whole it appears possible that annexation may take place, and perhaps it is in view of this eventuality that His Majesty King Cacobau occupies such a very subordinate place in the columns of the newspapers of his capital. We had looked through several numbers of the *Fiji Times* before it occurred to us to observe that it contained nothing similar to the "Court Circular" among ourselves. The insecurity of property on plantations and the imbecility of the King's Ministers are the topics on which the *Times* enlarges. But perhaps if we had the *Gazette* at hand we should learn that property is safe, trade lively, and the Ministers all that Mr. Gladstone appears in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. We might even be able to learn from the organ of the Government what has become of the King. The only reference we have found to him is a paragraph which mentions that a great number of his subjects residing in his immediate neighbourhood are unable to pay their taxes. It appears that these defaulters are liable to be hired to planters for compulsory labour. But the local authority has no native police adequate to arresting five or six hundred men, and it is recommended that white police should be sent from Levuka for the purpose. If this be a fair sample of the condition of the country, the time has really come for intervention, if any Power can be found to intervene. Here in England we have contemplated an enlargement of our gaols for the reception of offenders under the Licensing and Ballot Acts. But it appears that in Fiji the bulk of the native population require attention from the police. It is stated that in certain districts the natives

refuse to work for the white men unless they are paid in coin. "They will not take paper money on any account." They have not made any effort to get money ready against the time when the tax-collector shall go round, "and they appear quite careless and indifferent on the subject," as we should think they might safely be. The local government of Levuka seems as unsatisfactory as the general government of the country. "A deputation waited upon his Worship the Mayor to ask him to resign." His Worship promised to give an explanation to the ratepayers. "After the customary amenities to the Mayor, the deputation retired." We must express our unqualified admiration of the manners of Fiji, and indeed as regards politeness we fear that even a Governor selected from the aristocracy of England could teach them nothing. To invite a Mayor to resign and at the same time to pay him the "customary amenities" would seem to require the refined courtesy which is said to be almost extinct among ourselves. With a bankrupt treasury, an incompetent Ministry, and all the natives except the police deserving to be put in gaol, it is certainly rather hard upon the people of Fiji to receive weekly "warnings" in a style with which we are familiar. But in every newspaper that we have seen Dr. Smith of Victoria has a column to himself. If the physical constitutions of the people are going to the bad so rapidly as Dr. Smith represents, it can really matter little whether their political constitution is likely to last a few years more or less. A curious advertisement appears under the title of "lawyer's arts," which may be reckoned with quack medicines among the blessings of civilization already enjoyed by Fiji. The advertiser desires to remark upon an advertisement which has already appeared, that it is distinguished by that mendacity which is characteristic of the advisers of the person whose signature it bears. As soon as leisure will permit, the advertiser will thoroughly expose the barefaced falsehood of what we should call in England "the other side." These perhaps are the kind of "amenities" that were offered to the Mayor.

The exposure of the weakness and insolvency of Government is renewed in almost every page. A correspondent writes that the present concern cannot stand. To contend that it can is like arguing that a steam-engine can work without fuel. There is no money in the Treasury and no means of getting any. "A friend of mine presented a dollar-note to the Treasurer a few days since, and could not get the silver for it. The Treasurer and his clerks declared that there were not four shillings in the safe." We cannot help thinking that, if this be so, the Chief Secretary has been unjustly accused of sticking to his place for the sake of a salary which he is very unlikely to get paid. When it comes to dishonouring a dollar-note, the suspension of cash payments had better be definitively announced. As the correspondent puts it, much more forcibly than we could do, "If the Treasurer of a nation cannot jingle four shillings together, it is pretty near time to put up the shutters." It occurs to us that the kingly office, however honourable, can scarcely be lucrative in Fiji, so perhaps King Cacobau would be prepared to accept moderate compensation on its abolition. "No money in the Treasury, no means of getting any, the country flooded with useless paper, the natives and whites all over the group refusing to pay taxes, the bubble must burst." We should think it must; but if there is another side to this picture, we should like to see it exhibited in the columns of the *Gazette*. The provincial collectors of taxes have no boats, the rugged nature of the country forbids walking, and, as the correspondent forcibly puts it, the Government cannot expect them to swim, even if they were likely to catch defaulters by that method of pursuit, which we think improbable. It might be interesting to hear the opinion of the highest authority, Mr. Lowe, on this difficulty of the Fijian Chancellor of Exchequer. If there is any balance at the command of that officer, it is manifestly a floating one. The natives laugh in derision when the collectors speak of taxes, and indeed, if they are prepared for swimming, they might recall to the mind of a despairing collector the proverbial difficulty of taking breeches off a highlander. In one case an "enterprising and generous" settler offered his own boat to the collector "to try a last hopeless experiment of getting a few pounds from the natives," but the natives carried away the boat, and the owner of it has a claim for the value of it upon the Government, which may be described as a particularly bad debt. All things considered, it is difficult to believe that, unless help comes from without, society will not soon resolve itself into its pristine elements in Fiji.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

WE have received a letter from Mr. Crowe on behalf of himself and his fellow-labourer, M. Cavalcaselle, which states that since the year 1864, the date of the English edition of the *History of Painting in Italy*, they have seen "The Assumption" (191), by Sandro Botticelli, and accordingly have been able to insert a full description of the picture in the more recent German edition of their work now in course of publication. We have further to thank Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle for identifying "The Virgin, Child, and Angels" (165), a work to which we directed special attention, with Gregorio Schiavone, a disciple of Squarcione and a companion of Mantegna. The name "Mosca" in the Academy Catalogue is taken solely from "a fly" painted on the picture, and supposed to be the artist's monogram.

We have reserved for a concluding paper "the deceased masters of the British School." We confess that it was not without some misgiving that we found four years ago our English artists placed in immediate competition with the greatest painters of all time. A safer, though a more timid, course would have been to keep them apart in a separate room. We have now every reason to be satisfied that the bolder line was taken, and that our modern art was placed in immediate juxtaposition with the old. The challenge thrown down has not been followed by defeat; neither side is seriously worsted; indeed the contest for supremacy ends as a drawn battle. In many points the ancients have the advantage, but in some directions the moderns win. For instance, there can be little doubt that within the present century the literal study of nature has been pushed further than at any prior period. Thus landscape painting has found novel developments in recent times. But the chief reason why English art suffers so little in competition is that the leading masters of our school, especially in its early stage, have modelled themselves on great historic examples, and have fashioned their works according to the immutable laws which govern all art alike. Thus the pictures of Wilson and the earlier landscapes of Turner show no antagonism to the compositions of the Italian masters. For like reasons the portraits of Reynolds make themselves quite at home among the sitters of Vandyck, Titian, and Antonio More; indeed Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough form a triad which has never been equalled at home or abroad since the time when Vandyck, Rubens, and Velasquez were contemporaries. There are, too, some minor considerations which favour our earlier painters; the notion, for example, had not died out that dark canvases are grand, that deep shadows have a mysterious meaning, that classic columns and massive draperies are stately. Modern pictures composed on such ideas are sure to agree sufficiently well with the old masters; they are in fact not too modern, and frequently the change in fashion and costume, as well as the sobering tones which time sweeps across a canvas, serve still further to remove the figures from that immediate present which cannot but clash harshly with the shadowy past. But the very reason why certain modern pictures are not bad company for works more than twice their age may be taken as a warning not to admit products unmitigated in modernism. Thus it would not be politic to multiply indefinitely such span-new canvases as "Beatrice knighted Esmond" (202), though the work is one of the very best that the late Augustus Egg ever painted. The preceding apology for our English school would be unfairly onesided did we not candidly confess that modern art again proves in these annual competitions inferior to the older schools in reach of imagination, in grasp of intellect, in philosophic insight, and in religious aspiration. Occasionally it is true that Fuseli, Barry, and even Reynolds made futile efforts to soar to high art, but evidently the authorities in Burlington House have a wholesome dread of proclaiming the incapacity of their deceased brethren. The English school is strongest when it is simplest, and the selection has wisely been made accordingly.

The portrait of Mrs. Hogarth, the daughter of Sir James Thornhill (40), lent by Mr. Heugh, recalls the anecdote that one day, when the lady was sitting to her husband, she remarked, "It is one thing, my dear, to scribble about beauty, but quite another to paint it." Which reference to Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty* gave occasion to Garrick's smart repartee, "I suppose he writes from his own ideas, and paints from his wife." A portrait of Mrs. Hogarth, also by her husband, was lent by Mr. Ayle in 1867 to the Exhibition of National Portraits. Neither work is quite at the artist's best.

Walpole pronounces as "most admirable" Sir Joshua's least unsuccessful attempt at high art, "Count Ugolino and his Children in the Dungeon" (46). Northcote remarks that this painting assumed its historic aspect by accident. A study from White, a well-known model, was seen in the studio by Burke and Goldsmith, who at once were struck with its fitness for the Ugolino of Dante's *Inferno*. Reynolds immediately had the canvas enlarged—a fact now of easy verification in the Academy—in order to make space for the starving children. The picture was finished in 1773, when Reynolds had entered on his fiftieth year, and the work formed a chief attraction in the fifth Exhibition of the then newly created Academy. The surface is cracked, and the colours have darkened; but, compared with the ruin that has overtaken other of the artist's works, the canvas has suffered little. The fault of this eminently tragic scene of starving despair, which haunts one like a nightmare, is its want of dignity and elevation; the figures do not rise above common nature, and thus the style belongs to the period of decadence; in other words, it is founded on the Carracci, who are known to have exerted undue influence over Reynolds. The execution, too, is far from the artist's best, as may be judged by comparison of the clumsy handling bestowed on the starving Ugolino and his sons with the delicate touch and exquisite gradations of tones in the portrait in the adjoining room of "Lady Elizabeth Keppel" (88). There can be no doubt that the painter's true sphere was portraiture. The head of Ugolino is unsatisfactory because imagination does not transmute the portrait of White, the beggar-born model, into a Dantesque creation; the same model served for "The Banished Lord" in the National Gallery, but the beggar always remained. Much more in the artist's true line is a portrait exhibited in the Academy in 1772 of "Miss Meyer" in the character of Hebe (39). This graceful little girl, guided by the eagle, glides up a rainbow path towards the sky. Reynolds had a pretty fancy; indeed his works might serve in illustration of

the oft-made distinction between adaptive fancy and creative imagination. In the painting of children, where fancy with taste and tenderness has free play, he is almost without compare. Gainsborough, who in these exhibitions always runs close upon his rival, is scarcely an equal in a "Rustic Portrait of a Young Lady" (53). Yet perhaps Reynolds is never quite so simple and unsophisticated; for instance, he would scarcely have ventured to delineate, as here, without added graces, "a young lady" as a poor peasant girl gathering sticks; and he certainly would not have thrown in as her surroundings so truthful a transcript of field and wold. How sensitive an eye Gainsborough had for nature, when simple and unadorned, may be seen in a "Landscape with Cattle" (51). Neither Crome, Cotman, nor Cuypp was ever more warm and liquid in sunset glow. Burlington House contains several noteworthy examples of the distinctive ways in which landscape was made to bear upon portraiture by the three great portrait-painters of the period—Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. "Mrs. Abington the Actress" (3), "The Portrait of Miss Leigh" (59), and "The Portrait of Mrs. Powis and her Daughter" (103), all show Reynolds fertile in resource. By his backgrounds alone he may be known. Gainsborough is more grey, Romney more florid, while Reynolds has the distinction of being always right; the trees which he throws into companionship with his figures reflect the colours of his draperies and complete the lines of his compositions. Thus "Miss Leigh" (59), in the act of carving her name sentimentally on a trunk in a wood, bends her figure gracefully as the trees grow; animate and inanimate nature move with kindred life and sensibility. Reynolds produced between two and three thousand works—a startling fact, which may account for the ever-recurring surprise that his genius, however copiously displayed, remains inexhaustible. Among many recurring and familiar moods we cannot refrain from calling special notice to "The Portrait of John Hunter" (158). Reynolds as a courtier and a man of society approached sitters according to their individual sympathies. He had a military method, dark and terrible, suited to the warlike Major-General Keppel (109) and Captain Augustus Keppel (199); he had also a fashionable, dressy manner, as in the ladylike and lovely "Portrait of Mrs. Stanley" (112); and then he could assume a grave and philosophic mien of sober greys, as in this strictly student portrait of Hunter the anatomist, painted in the pause of inspiration, pen in hand, and books loading the library table.

"Reynolds and Romney divide the town," said Lord Thurlow; "I am of the Romney faction." Romney, indeed, became the favourite of fashion, and certainly his style was well calculated to allure the eye by its grace, its witching beauty, its romantic sentiment, and its showy, not to say its meretricious, colour. "The Countess of Warwick and her Children" (26), included among "National Portraits," in 1868, exemplifies the master's merits and defects; the colour is more than usually silvery, the reds are not so obnoxious as often, the white satin rivals the sheeny dresses of Terbourg, and no one will forget the beseeching gaze of the little girl looking lovingly into her mother's face. This happy attitude the artist repeats in another graceful composition, "The Countess of Albemarle" (108). Reynolds, too, reflects the same thought in a group emulous of Romney's grace—the family portrait of "Mrs. Powis and her Daughter" (103). Romney fell into routine; it is no wonder that his effects are conventional, and his execution hasty and slight, when we remember that in his prosperity he painted on an average at least one portrait a day. And yet "Mrs. Drummond Smith" (15) is beyond the reach of criticism. Pearly greys and blushing pinks delicately blend, and a wondrous hat, large as an umbrella, is so managed as to enhance the charm. Yet it must be admitted that Romney's art was often an artifice, that his alluring treatment was sometimes but one remove from a charlatan's trick.

Gainsborough compared with Romney was the child of nature—simple, true, and honest. His art, too, was the growth of our English soil. Gainsborough, unlike his contemporaries Reynolds and Romney, wanted the opportunity of raising his style and of enlarging his vision by Italian travel. The eight pictures now exhibited show art but as a second nature. Especially would we point to the portrait of "Miss Linley" (35). This lady, who won all hearts, was painted as St. Cecilia by Reynolds; we know also of two portraits by Gainsborough besides the picture now exhibited—of the one altogether lovely Miss Linley and her brother, half-length as children; the other done at a later period, a full length standing in a landscape, at the time when the fascinating daughter of a musician in Bath had refused a coronet to share love in a cottage with the penniless Sheridan. The portrait before us represents the lady seated on a grassy bank, surrounded by trees. The wind which blows across the landscape ruffles her hair; the impersonation is altogether *spirituelle*: the young wife whose song was an enchantment appears in the picture graceful as a sylvan sprite, beaming as a gleam of sunlight. Yet the artist's intention is better than his execution. Gainsborough's flesh is apt to be waxy; his draperies are sketchy, scratchy, and chalky; he had but one touch for trees and grass, for costume and hair. Gainsborough fritters his detail, Reynolds subordinates each touch to the general effect.

The Academy, with a generous wish to give in succession an inning to each of its deceased members, opens its rooms this season to a remarkable display of the obscure genius of Robert Smirke. Some persons there may possibly be who have scarcely realized how much the arts of our country are indebted to this facile yet conventional book illustrator. Eleven performances which range

from the sublime to the ridiculous now attest his services. Some persons have seen points of contact between Smirke and Stothard; at any rate, the two artists, belonging to the same time, shared like influences; but the grace and the poetry of Stothard degenerated in Smirke into weakness and commonplace. To realize the difference between the two Academicians, it is only necessary to contrast "Venus and Adonis" (28), by Robert Smirke, with "Venus Rising from the Sea" (31), by Thomas Stothard. A fellow-Academician, Mr. Richard Redgrave, in *A Century of Painters*, makes apology for the defects of his brother of the brush when he writes "Robert Smirke, R.A. (born 1752, died 1845), is better known as a designer than as a painter, for though he painted many works from the poets and dramatists, they were designed with a view to engraving, and were most of them engraved; he also made many book designs." Stothard, whom we have just named, presents points of interesting analogy with Flaxman, whose classic bas-reliefs are exhibited in the "Octagon Room" with the plastic works of other Academicians.

The history of our English landscape art in its rise and development is slightly sketched in a few representative works of Wilson, R.A., De Loutherbourg, R.A., Constable, R.A., Turner, R.A., Crome, Cotman, and Müller. The supremacy of our native school is further enforced by a roomful of water-colour drawings from the ensels of Varley, Robson, Girtin, Cozens, De Wint, Copley Fielding, David Cox, Turner, &c. Once more Turner astounds the world, no less than Reynolds in another sphere, by his endless resource and infinite variety. "Dunstanborough Castle" (16), exhibited in the Academy 1798, and "The Lock on the Mill" (69), show the painter in his nature-loving ways ere his eye was troubled by wild frenzy; and yet what glory of colour is here! The public, having had a satiety of Turner's intoxicated manner, here gladly reverts to his temperate moods. "Old Crome and the Norwich School" have seldom been in greater force. Crome's "Slate Quarries" (47) is a work, write Messrs. Redgrave, "founded on Turner's early versions of Poussin; somewhat unfinished, yet with great local truth of colour and a fat impasto of execution." "The Yarmouth Water Frolic" (42), also set down to Crome, must be transferred to the later date of Cotman, inasmuch as the small steamer here seen on the river could have no existence in the lifetime of "Old Crome." The picture is of such rare merit that the question of authorship is not a matter of indifference. The liquid sea, the sunny sky, the rich hues reflected from brown and golden sails, have never been surpassed even by the delicious tones of Cyp and Du Jardin. We would willingly dwell longer on these and other examples of the English school, which serve to prove how earnest and truth-seeking have been our artists in the study of nature.

In conclusion, an amusing incident may be recorded—the withdrawal from the Academy of a picture entered in the Catalogue "Landscape with Cornfield: water in the foreground (30) by John Constable, R.A." This measure became imperative when Mr. Wainwright, a living artist, claimed the picture for his own. Mr. Wainwright says, "I think it only right to state that I painted that picture in the year 1853, and that the original water-colour sketch (a view near Starcross, Devonshire) which I made for it is still in my possession." It will be remembered that a similar mistake was made two years ago, when a picture by another of our living artists was hung conspicuously on the line as a masterpiece by Turner. Such laughable instances would of course be indefinitely multiplied could the Old Masters visit the Academy and disavow the rubbish which heavily weighs on their historic reputations.

REVIEWS.

HAYWARD'S BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS.*

MR. HAYWARD'S essays, among many merits, have the distinguishing quality of being eminently readable. Although they originally appeared in periodical publications at various times, they rather gain than lose by reproduction in a collective form; for the reader becomes accustomed to Mr. Hayward's mode of treatment, which is characteristic, though it is exempt from mannerism. While his judgment on literary questions is entitled to respect, his critical faculty seems to exercise itself by preference rather on the curiosities and puzzles of history and tradition than on controversies relating to style or to principles of composition. An essay on "the Pearls and Mock Pearls of History" is devoted to a subject which must have had special attractions for the writer. Mr. Hayward shows that nearly all the celebrated sayings of ancient and modern times are apocryphal; and he might perhaps have included in his sceptical conclusions the residue of similar utterances. It happens unluckily for the collectors of anecdotes that even with the wittiest of heroes and statesmen a great crisis is not conducive to the delivery of opportune epigrams. "Shenstone," says Mr. Hayward, "defined good writing to consist in or of 'spontaneous thought and laboured expression.' Many famous sayings comprise these two elements of excellence, the original writer or speaker furnishing the thought, and the chronicler the expression." A pitched battle, or the crisis of a

revolution, is not favourable to laboured expression, and scarcely to spontaneous thought, except for immediately practical purposes. Marshal Ney's famous flourish at the close of his trial, about preferring death to acquittal, on the ground that he was by birth a Prussian, was really delivered; but both the thought and the expression had been previously drawn and settled by his counsel. In the majority of instances the original speaker has not even supplied the thought, though his actions or his fortunes have suggested it to later biographers. Some of the good things which are attributed to Talleyrand, and nearly all the recorded sayings of Lord Melbourne, are genuine; but the wit of one statesman, and the admirable humour of the other, were not generally displayed on important occasions. The famous question or comment which was said to have been addressed to Talleyrand on his deathbed is evidently fabulous. Mr. Hayward gives some specimens of celebrated sayings which have derived all their point and notoriety from wilful or careless perversion of the meaning of the speaker. "Sir Robert Walpole was accused of the worst cynicism of corruption on the strength of his alleged maxim, 'All men have their price.' What he really said was, 'All these men have their price,' alluding to the so-called 'patriots' of the Opposition." In consequence of the same common tendency to inaccuracy, nearly all the scraps of Latin which are proverbially used in England are invariably misapplied. "Cui bono," "Cedit questio," "Exceptio probat regulam," have acquired a popular sense which is wholly at variance with the real meaning. "Si sic omnia," which originally referred to the contrast between Cicero's doggerel verses and his eloquent orations, is habitually quoted as if it had expressed a wish that his poetry might have resembled his prose.

Two of the most elaborate essays in the compilation deal with severer subjects; but even a scientific discourse on whist is relieved by many anecdotes of past and present whist-players. Mr. Hayward expresses the paradoxical opinion that memory has little or nothing to do with the real understanding "or finest points of the game." "Of course," he contemptuously admits, "a certain number of rules and maxims must be learnt; but it is not more difficult to learn these than to learn the Catechism." In both cases, it might be added, the lesson is never likely to be learnt at all unless it has been learnt in early life; and *Hoyle* or *Catechism* is, like the Catechism, easier to learn by heart than to illustrate by practice. Memory is required at whist, not to remember rules and maxims, but to remember the cards which have or have not been played, and the indications which have been afforded by the players. It is probably true that the most accurate memory needs the aid of skill and judgment; and, on the whole, Mr. Hayward, like Imlac in *Rasselas*, will probably convince the ordinary reader that it is impossible to be a whist-player. No other accomplishment commands greater respect among the votaries of the game; yet it may be suspected that Mr. Hayward has studied the science quite as much on account of the associations with which it is connected as for its intrinsic value. Some of the stories with which the essay concludes are told in his happiest manner. Here and elsewhere Mr. Hayward conveys the impression that he is a conscientious narrator, although he would probably not in all cases vouch for the actual truth of his stories; but he always seems to select the best reading of an anecdote, and in many instances he must have taken much trouble to record it in its neatest or most authentic form. Sometimes the newest version is the best, as in an anecdote told *ex relatione S. P.*, one of the best players of the new school. "One night, turning very faint, I struggled through the rubber, then got up, and left the room, and fell on the landing with a crash that brought the other three players to my side. As I was recovering my senses I heard one of my late adversaries say, 'He never can have played the hand through without a revoke,' and I saw him steal away to see. His partner followed to aid in the examination of the tricks, and mine to see fair play, leaving me stretched as I fell."

Although the second desertion is not satisfactorily accounted for, the story is preferable to the old joke of the bet on the recovery of the man in front of the window of White's. The more serious essay on the authorship of Junius has been formerly noticed. The case against Francis has never been more forcibly argued, although the adherents of the popular faith still remain unconvinced. It is fair to admit that Lord Aberdeen's statement as authenticated by Mr. Arthur Gordon has, since the original publication of the essay, supplied Mr. Hayward with additional, though not conclusive, evidence against Francis. Lord Aberdeen's statement that Pitt professed to know the name of the author has apparently diverted Mr. Hayward's preference from Lord George Sackville to Lord Temple. The controversy is too abstruse to allow of incidental discussion.

The range of Mr. Hayward's essays is not inconsiderable, extending from Richard III. to Sir Henry Holland and M. Van de Weyer. The character of Richard, like the authorship of Junius, probably interested him by the conflict of evidence which had previously attracted the curiosity of Walpole. In general Mr. Hayward is rather inclined to occupy himself with recent or modern history, and especially with the personal or biographical part of the subject. One of the essays consists of a concise and comprehensive Life of Marie Antoinette, and there is a singularly amusing account of the wonderful career of Marshal de Saxe. No other period offered the same opportunities as the first half of the eighteenth century to high-born adventurers; and Maurice of Saxony was the most brilliant and the most successful of the class. An athlete, a profligate, a man of genius, and a great

* *Biographical and Critical Essays*. Reprinted from *Reviews*, with Additions and Corrections. By A. Hayward, Q.C. New Series. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

soldier, he resembled rather a hero of one of Dumas's romances than an illegitimate cadet of an actual reigning House or an historical Marshal of France. His passing fancies of making himself King of Madagascar, or of establishing a Jewish kingdom in Central America, were only a little more extravagant than his all but successful attempt to become sovereign Duke of Courland. In those happy days it was not necessary to have either a definite country or any particular religion. Count Maurice learnt the art of war in campaigns against the French, whose armies he afterwards commanded. He could never spell or write French with any approximation to correctness; and it is not known whether he could write German at all; but he was the finest specimen of the type of character which was then chiefly admired in France and in Europe. It is not surprising that he was admired by Voltaire, who nevertheless falsified history at his expense by attributing the victory of Fontenoy to another celebrated reprobate. The Duke of Richelieu was as licentious as the Marshal de Saxe, but he was wholly destitute of military genius; and Mr. Hayward conclusively proves that the celebrated charge on the English column at Fontenoy was executed in accordance with the original plan of the Commander-in-chief. It is surprising that there could be any doubt of the result of a battle in which the Duke of Cumberland was opposed to the Marshal de Saxe. In accordance with his usual custom, Mr. Hayward corrects Voltaire's famous story of the civilities which were supposed to have been exchanged between the English and French Guards. Lord Charles Hay, instead of politely requesting the Frenchmen to fire first, expressed an ironical hope that they would stay to be shot at; after which he turned round and "speeched his own men," probably in language not complimentary to the enemy. No historian of future wars fought with arms of precision will be able to record or even to invent a similar exchange of banter in the field. One anecdote reported by Mr. Hayward illustrates the tendency of special skill and knowledge to create a professional conscience even in the least scrupulous of men. The Marshal, who set all the ordinary rules of morality at defiance, was by calculation, and perhaps by feeling, remarkably tender of the lives of his men. When one of his subordinates in command recommended a movement by the argument that it would only cost the sacrifice of eighteen grenadiers, Marshal de Saxe answered, "Eighteen grenadiers! If indeed it were eighteen lieutenant-generals!" On the whole perhaps it is better that an army should be commanded by a prudent and skilful general of lax moral principles than by a model of propriety who exposes his men to unnecessary risks.

In his just appreciation of the merit of Alexander Dumas Mr. Hayward misapprehends a playful criticism in which Thackeray noticed the voluminous novelist's peculiarities. In other passages Thackeray expresses the warmest admiration for Dumas, who excelled all competitors in fertility of invention. The charge of having affixed his name to books written by his assistants is properly rejected by Mr. Hayward; but there is internal evidence that Dumas abused the privilege of great artists to employ pupils and journeymen on furniture and draperies. In some of his novels there are chapters after chapters of elaborate episodes which have evidently been composed by inferior writers without reference to the main current of the story.

While Mr. Hayward has learnt much from books, it is easy to see that his proper study, if not that of mankind, is contemporary man. It may be collected from casual and unobtrusive remarks that he has enjoyed unusual opportunities of social experience and observation for many years. His biographical notices of Lord Lansdowne, of Lady Palmerston, of Lord Dalling, and others are founded on personal knowledge; and he has evidently been acquainted with almost all the conspicuous members of French and English society during an entire generation. His review of Sir Henry Holland's autobiography is rather a supplement than a criticism, for the reviewer was fortunately not bound by the professional obligation to suppress the most interesting parts of his experience. The theory that history is a science, or that there is a so-called philosophy of history, may be supported by many plausible reasons; nor can it be denied that the causes and results of great political changes are more important than the peculiarities of the statesmen who may have promoted or opposed them; but for many minds biographical details and illustrations of manners have a remarkable fascination. St. Simon, Horace Walpole, and Boswell will outlive many laborious exponents of the reasons why events could not have been other than they have happened to be. Mr. Hayward has a taste for characteristic anecdote, and this collection of essays furnishes abundant proof that no one tells them with better effect. One or two stories, which are perhaps slightly hazardous, are properly veiled in the semi-transparency of a foreign language. It is too probable that hereafter cultivated society and politics will occupy distinct regions in England as in the United States. A new *couche sociale* may probably rise to the surface; and the refined and intelligent classes may find that they have no longer any influence on public affairs. Reminiscences of a mode of existence which will have become obsolete will then acquire historical value; and it is well that the want should be supplied in advance by those who have ability and opportunity for the task. Mr. Hayward would earn the gratitude of many readers if he would, before it is too late, write additional biographies of some of the eminent persons whom he has known. He may probably have been acquainted with Lord Melbourne, and he has certainly been intimate with many of Lord Melbourne's

friends and associates. It is greatly to be regretted that the peculiar vein of humour which marks Lord Melbourne's reported sayings should be forgotten for want of sufficient record. His humour was evidently not a mere intellectual amusement, but the expression of an original character; and a mere collection of his more remarkable paradoxes and epigrammatic phrases would have a biographical interest. It would be easy to enumerate other subjects for Mr. Hayward's future essays; but he may probably not require officious advice; yet the most genuine proof of the goodness of a culinary or literary composition is the fact that it produces a wish for more.

EWALD'S LIFE OF ALGERNON SYDNEY.*

IF, as will be readily conceded, there are few remarkable ages which fail to produce remarkable men, so it is not in many instances the fortune, good or ill, of remarkable men to live in what would be falsely described as remarkable times. The latter fact has long since been discovered for the use of that large and growing class of biographers who, while unwilling to apply to a hero the treatment so much resented by the guests of Procrustes, yet seem compelled by the influence of some dire necessity to fill two volumes with materials which would scantily furnish forth one, or to make a subject fit for an essay serve their fixed purpose of composing or compiling a book. To judge from Mr. Ewald's *Life and Times of Algernon Sydney*, we should conceive him capable of expanding the life of any Englishman of repute into matter for any given number of pages, so long as he were not denied the right which every Englishman possesses of quoting at will from Macaulay and Hallam, and of filling up the interstices of argument by occasional notes on the political phenomena of the present day. The art in which this biography proves its author to be no common proficient has been sometimes called the art of bookmaking; and doubts have been expressed whether its exercise be worthy of the historical, or of any other, scholar. Mr. Ewald in his preface conscientiously and candidly enumerates his main authorities, and admits that his own researches among the State Papers have remained without an adequate result for increasing the materials of his biography. In truth it adds nothing new by way either of fact or argument to our knowledge of Sydney's career; but it may be welcome to those to whom the two collections of the *Sydney Papers* are unknown or inaccessible, or to those who esteem it a tribute to the rhetorical genius of Sydney that the facts of his life should be presented to them embedded in the copious political reflections of his biographer. It is a pity that the ready pen of Mr. Ewald should not have been used to better purpose; for the most useful part of his book is perhaps its concluding chapter, which contains an excellent summary—precisely the kind of work by which a biographer is likely to earn the best thanks of the reader whom he should most desire—of Sydney's *Discourses on Government*. We regret not to have begun, like ladies on opening a new novel, at this end of the book, instead of conscientiously commencing with the ominous sentence—

A few miles from the fashionable little watering-place of Tunbridge Wells, and approached by a drive through scenery as charming as any which the fair county of Kent can offer, stands a handsome quadrangular pile on the brow of a gentle eminence—

and going over the "almost hallowed ground" and the almost hackneyed quotations once more.

Prolixity, which ought to be a venial fault, at least inasmuch as it usually brings with it its own punishment, and which in the case of so ardent a lover of the existing British Constitution as Mr. Ewald may perhaps almost be thought a virtue, is not however the only charge which we are bound to make against him. Well acquainted with the main matter of his book, and familiar enough with a great age of the past to have a genuine sympathy with many of its most significant currents, Mr. Ewald is not saved by the dignity of his subject or by his appreciation of its dignity from faults of taste which are too glaring to admit of being passed over. We have already noticed his apparently uncontrollable tendency to drag in references to politics and politicians of the present day of whom he wishes to signify his disapproval. "Sydney was a Republican—not a Democrat." We may grant the proposition without requiring to have it illustrated by the assertion that "the League and the International would have entirely declined his services," and "Citizen Dilke would have found in him no ally"—an assertion weakened rather than strengthened by the mysterious remark that, "had Algernon Sydney lived in this our time, he would have been content with being a philosophical Liberal." That "Sydney was a sincere Christian, and no disbeliever," might have been accepted as a true, if tautological, statement, without its being pointed by the defiant declaration that "with the atheism of Mr. Bradlaugh and his followers he would have had no sympathy." "The miserable men who call themselves the Republicans of the nineteenth century," as they are elsewhere paraphrastically termed, might surely have been left to continue in peace to call themselves by a name combining with political presumption what is undoubtedly chronological accuracy. But Mr. Ewald cannot resist the temptation to allusions which would be regarded as stale and unprofitable by most experienced penny-a-liners; he talks of Sydney having been

* *The Life and Times of the Hon. Algernon Sydney, 1623-1683*. By Alex. Charles Ewald, F.S.A., of Her Majesty's Record Office. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

"in his lifetime regarded by many as a 'Rabagas'; while his own style seems occasionally to be modelled upon the very species of eloquence which he so praiseworthy abhors. To find a sober historian speaking of "a trinity of Republicans" and "a trinity of ambassadors" is sad enough; to read his description of Queen Christina of Sweden as "erotic and erratic" is necessarily execrating; but pain gives way to astonishment when we read of "religious toleration" as "dead and buried in the days of Charles II., and "the Five Mile Act dancing over its grave." This is indeed a prize metaphor, of which the use should at once be made over to the Civil Service Examiners.

Apart from the excrescences which Mr. Ewald has allowed to deface his text, and the long "connecting" passages, partly consisting of quotations from historians in everybody's hands, by which he has lengthened out his narrative, it may be questioned whether Sydney's life is an appropriate subject for any biography extending beyond the modest limits of an essay. His cruel and unjust death has established him in the position of a political martyr; and though at his trial he sought to evade responsibility for the composition of the writings on which it was sought to found an untenable charge, a nation as well as a party justly identifies his name with the cause to which his life, if not his death, bore direct testimony. But it was his hard fate to be able to contribute to the victory of the cause of free popular government little besides the example of his single-minded devotion; to be excluded, partly by the rigour of his principles and partly by the circumstances of the times, from any active influence upon the national history as a politician or a legislator, except on isolated occasions of secondary significance. The main ends of his political life he had in the period of his manhood to endeavour to advance by intrigues in which he failed, and in which success itself would have been a most doubtful gain. And yet, though sprung from a race of high intellectual gifts, nature had not bestowed upon him a genius able to embody his opinions in immortal words of kindling enthusiasm, and thus to cause posterity to regard him as the prophet sacrificed for his too early knowledge of the truth. It is his death rather than his life which has consecrated his memory; and it is rather isolated points in his career, above all its close, than its often dreary and painful course, that seem to call for the comment of the historical writer who appeals, as the historical writer on such a subject justly appeals, to popular national sympathy.

On one or two of these points we propose to touch. We have no quarrel with the general tenor of Mr. Ewald's estimate of his hero and of his hero's opinions. That Sydney was no fanatical devotee of a political Utopia of his own creation, that his ideal of government was no other than that to which the English Constitution as re-established and developed by the Bill of Rights reasonably corresponded, his *Discourses*, which Mr. Ewald has most appropriately summarized, remain to show. His bold and manly refusal to make himself responsible for the condemnation to death of Charles I. gains rather than loses by his subsequent maintenance of the theoretical justifiableness of the principle which he had refused to help to carry in practice to its extreme consequences. An aristocracy with a popular basis and a monarchical head was Sydney's conception of a Republic; and the right of resistance was to him the palladium of national freedom. The time has long passed for any party to be able to claim a monopoly of the principles which he consistently asserted; but until the nation at large has abandoned them, his figure has a right to stand among those of the illustrious witnesses who line the path to the meeting-place of a national Parliament.

It is a strange coincidence that Algernon Sydney should, like another Whig statesman whose name is of even greater significance in the annals of his party, have found one great opportunity of attempting to realize among Englishmen, though far beyond the borders of England, the principles of government which he acknowledged. Shaftesbury, with the aid of Locke, was the author of the stillborn constitutions for Carolina; Sydney was consulted by Penn on the frame of government for Pennsylvania. We should have been grateful to Mr. Ewald if, instead of drawing a long parallel between the concessions which Sydney advocated for the Pennsylvanians in 1682, and those which in 1867 and 1872 the British people have gained, or "almost gained," "thanks to Conservative tactics" or otherwise, he had given us some of the details, if ascertainable from the MSS. at Penshurst, as to the alterations effected by Sydney in Penn's original draft. He indeed quotes Mr. Hepworth Dixon to the effect that it was Sydney who prevented Penn from introducing a fixed body of constitutional law, and thus repeating Locke's and Shaftesbury's fatal error. In the elasticity of the Pennsylvanian constitution lay the secret of its endurance, as to which its admirer Frederick the Great was so sceptical; but it may be pointed out as worthy of observation that the constitution originally gave to the Governor and Council the initiation of all laws; and that when this proviso was modified by the Pennsylvanian Assembly so as to give to itself an equal right of initiation, a veto, or what amounted to such, was allowed to the Governor on any law. Thus, as Mr. Bancroft admits, Pennsylvania fell short of being a representative democracy, and the principles consistently advocated by Sydney in theory were carried out into actual practice in the only instance in which he had an opportunity of applying them. It is this which makes the framing of the Pennsylvanian constitution one of the most significant facts in his political biography.

In foreign policy he took high credit to himself for the result of his mission to Denmark at the close of the Commonwealth

period. Sydney seems to have had high qualifications as a diplomatist. Besides much power of observation of persons (of which his excellent letters from Rome, quoted by Mr. Ewald at the close of the first volume, give abundant evidence), he seems to have possessed a clear insight into the aims and ends of conflicting parties, and to have followed with vigorous persistence instructions the spirit of which he thoroughly appreciated. On his Danish mission this object was the conclusion of peace between Denmark and Sweden, whose mutual hostility, the parent of many bitter wars, was once more, as it had been in the earlier part of the Thirty Years' War, a serious stumbling-block to the Protestant interest. The mission of Sydney and his colleagues was designed to patch up the war which had again broken out after the Peace of Roeskild, and in this he was successful, chiefly in consequence of the death of the ambitious Charles Gustavus, of whose very remarkable character Sydney sends to his father an appreciative sketch. The same letter contains a curious reference to the action feared on the part of the eccentric daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, Queen Christina, who, Sydney "is apt to think, will now turn Lutheran again." He afterwards, when in exile, saw her at Hamburg, and satisfied himself that nothing serious was to be apprehended from her, as she had "a great deal of wit"—enough to recognize the importance of her position—and in fact only availed herself of the situation to seek the settlement of her yearly revenue. The whole of these transactions forms a very curious passage in a very interesting chapter of European diplomacy. Sydney was an excellent agent of an excellent policy, of which the main merit of course belongs to Cromwell. The Swedish alliance was one of the cardinal points of his foreign system, and though this connexion afterwards proved a broken reed in the war of 1666, it was again secured in the days of the Triple Alliance, and helped to produce the immediate effect which was the result of that famous achievement of English diplomacy.

With the Restoration, which put an end to Sydney's brief diplomatic career, begins the period of his life which possesses most interest for those who honour his name. Mr. Ewald has not, indeed, been able to add any new facts of importance or arguments of weight to those which are already familiar to all readers of English history; but his sympathy with his subject, and the numerous extracts from the two collections of the Sydney Papers which he has inserted in his narrative, sustain the interest of the reader through the greater part of the second volume. Unfortunately, little or nothing is known of the life of Sydney during his exile in France; and as much is known of what occurred in England meanwhile, Mr. Ewald gives it us, instead. Yet his account of the foreign policy of the Cabal is perfunctory, and inaccurate, as, e.g., where the negotiations which led to the Secret Treaty of Dover are apparently viewed as the consequence of its advice. But we have only space in conclusion to dwell briefly on the most critical point in the latter part of Sydney's career, on which Mr. Ewald, with more gallantry than success, has ventured to confront the most eminent authorities with a bold demand for the acquittal of his hero from the charge which is usually regarded as the one blot upon his fame.

That already about the year 1665 (Mr. Ewald has an inconvenient way of eschewing dates), Sydney, after in vain attempting to bring about a Dutch invasion of England, to be supported by the Republican exiles and malcontents at home, made a similar offer to Louis XIV., is acknowledged by Sydney's biographer, and indeed, as he shows, is proved by the testimony of the French King himself. This abortive attempt is of no importance except as furnishing a very sufficient reason for the special suspicion with which Sydney was regarded by the English Court. For the manoeuvres in which Sydney, together with the other heads of the Whig party, engaged at a later period have nothing in common with the desperate scheme of an isolated exile. In those transactions Louis XIV. and the Whig leaders each pursued their own ends; both parties desired to bring about the dissolution of a Parliament adverse to their views and interests, and each only intended to use the other so long as necessary. But Louis was in the stronger position; for while he might at any time return to his former policy as soon as the English Government showed itself willing to return to its former submissiveness, the Whig leaders were incurring the utmost risk by embarking in so perilous an intrigue. He had, what they had not, an alternative policy, and he was risking nothing, while they were risking all. Both parties to some extent gained their object; but though the Whigs, as events proved, had no cause to repent of their intrigue as a political manoeuvre, they were unable all to come stainless out of the transaction. For though as a body they may at once be acquitted of any motives of a base description, yet in the case of some among them there remains an irremovable charge of personal corruption.

Among these Algernon Sydney is included on the direct and explicit testimony of the agent who administered the bribes, the French ambassador Barillon. Neither Macaulay nor Hallam ventures on resisting a charge which rests on such evidence; but Mr. Ewald has not one, but three (indeed four) pleas to urge on behalf of his hero; or, as he oddly puts it, Sydney's conduct may be judged from three points of view. In the first place, though Sydney lived in an age when "men of honour and position freely accepted bribes and presents without any sense of self-reproach or degradation," still, if Sydney "accepted money for himself in order to advocate the views of France, even though those views were in conformity with his principles, it was conduct unworthy

of a man of his ancient race and hitherto stainless honour." As this is meaningless if it amounts to more than urging everybody to "bear in mind" what no reasonable man is likely to leave out of sight, we pass on to the second "point of view." This is that, if Sydney accepted 1,000 guineas, he expended them "in distribution to followers for the purpose of organization, and not for his own private needs, then the honour of the Republican does not suffer in the least." On this it is only necessary to observe, first, that nothing is known on the subject, and secondly, that nobody ever supposed that Sydney took the money to buy horses and plate. Mr. Ewald's notion of the ethics of bribery seems to be that, if a bribe is spent for patriotic purposes, it is no bribe at all. The same argument might be applied to certain other pecuniary transactions—simony *e.g.*—with singular felicity. But the third "point of view" makes the second of little importance. "Did Sydney receive any money at all?" There is no evidence but the assertion of Barillon. Now Barillon was "avaricious, unscrupulous, sensual, and luxurious." Madame de Sévigné says that he spent 50,000 francs in one year, but that "*il sait bien où les prendre*." Now "the diplomatic agents of Louis were allowed to pay themselves out of the money entrusted to their care. Nothing would have been easier than for Barillon to quietly pocket this secret service money," and concoct a list by way of account. And the list which he did concoct shows that he pretends to have given small sums of 500 and 300 guineas to men of fortune and probity such as Hampden. "Why was no money given to Shaftesbury and Howard, both of whom were determined opponents to Charles, and the latter an abandoned man who sought only to gratify his own interest and ambition?"

Everything is possible, no doubt; but Louis XIV. was not so badly served that we can without a jot of evidence assume his ambassador to have proceeded on a plan of such exquisite simplicity. Bribes mean in this instance presents or compliments which bind without securing the receiver. The gift to Hampden was doubtless not intended to purchase him, but to place him under a distinct obligation. As to Lord Shaftesbury, Barillon may have justly hesitated before seeking to fetter by such means a man of whose ability to withdraw from amicable relations when it suited him the French Government had had sufficient experience in the days of the collapse of the Cabal; while, as to Lord Howard, he may not have thought him worth the money. But all such suppositions *pro* and *con* are alike futile; there is no sufficient reason to suspect Barillon's good faith to his master in a matter of high political importance because of the vague gossip of the excellent Madame de Sévigné; and Mr. Ewald seems to feel the weakness of his position, for, as a fourth and last resource, he permits himself to suppose that the sums granted by the ambassador "never quitted the clutches of his agents."

We fear that all this wealth of conjecture will do little towards relieving Algernon Sydney's name from the suspicion of a grave indiscretion. A more prudent politician—and he was the reverse of such—would have shrunk from so doubtful a transaction as that of placing himself under the obligation of accepting a pecuniary compliment from a foreign sovereign. The case needs not, we think, to be put more emphatically than this; and so we leave it. Into Mr. Ewald's account of Sydney's trial and death we cannot follow him; but he is here on safe ground; and few will re-peruse in his pages the narrative of these "detestable" proceedings (to use Fox's epithet) without understanding why the great Whig statesman thought fit, when stigmatizing Hume's remarks on the trial and execution of Sydney as the most reprehensible passage of his whole work, to rebuke in the eminent historian that spirit of adulation of deceased sovereigns which is the best safeguard of tyrants. Sydney's present biographer, discriminating between Sydney's defence and Sydney's cause with straightforward earnestness, is at his best where his subject rises to its height; and we only wish that he had, in the execution of his entire task, either contented himself with less or braced himself to attempt more.

RAMBLES.*

THE art of travelling without crossing the Channel is in some danger of being forgotten. By travelling we mean travelling for pleasure; for, of course, the art of locomotion was never before carried to such a pitch of perfection. England for such purposes resembles the conception of matter which has been accepted by some philosophers. It consists of a number of detached points, separated from each other by a vacuum. From London, or as Cobbett called it, the "Wen," we make but one stride to some watering-place or commercial centre, and are sublimely ignorant of all the intervening points. One historic town is to us nothing but a place where we ought to change carriages, and another nothing but a bar where our throats may be scalded with hot tea and our digestions tried by hideous outrages upon all culinary principles. And yet England is a country which is really worth seeing. There are some interesting specimens of mediæval architecture in different parts of the country, and every now and then there are fragments of picturesque scenery. Patricius Walker, who describes his "rambles" in the pleasant little volume before us, proves by example that a man of cultivated mind and poetical sensibility may do worse than spend his vacations in making acquaintance with this unfamiliar part of Europe. The con-

veniences of travel are indeed so great that we are inclined to wonder that the practice is not more common. Railways are plentiful and have indirectly done much good. Not only do they put you down at the best starting-point, but they drain off that more offensive variety of traveller which is apt to tread on our toes in the beaten routes. And thus there are innumerable districts in England where one can be at once transported backwards for a century or two and enjoy the perfection of the good old sleepy rural existence. Riverside inns still abound which recall the pleasant conversations of Piscator and Venator; there are districts where, at every turn of the road, one expects to meet Tom Jones on his walk to London, and villages where, as Patricius Walker shows in a pleasant chapter, the spirit of old Herrick still seems to be murmuring

of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, of July flowers.

The England of the nineteenth century, it is true, is gradually encroaching upon the England of the past. Gipsies are becoming rare, even in the New Forest, and are condescending to marry the children of the Gentile. Mr. Borrow would have some difficulty in discovering a secluded dell where he could set up his tent in peace, after the preliminary ceremony of a few rounds with "blazing Bosville or the flaming tinman." The rural police would order him to move on, or possibly he might find that an Enclosure Act had led to the destruction of his little fragment of common. And yet more remains than might be imagined by the hasty observer. Even within the circle defined by the daily ebb and flow of London men of business, there are many patches of unbroken country where the pedestrian may fancy himself to be, if not quite on a Scotch moor, yet on the verge of a really wild country.

Properly to enjoy these remnants of the old world, the traveller should follow the example of Patricius Walker, and, having settled himself in some prominent centre, should make a series of excursions on that conveyance which Patricius describes as the "Irishman's tandem," and which is more generally known as Shanks' mare. If he finds it necessary to carry a knapsack, he will be regarded with a certain amount of suspicion; the British rustic being, as a rule, but dimly awake to the existence of such a variety of the human race as the genuine tourist. He will have to put up with very indifferent imitations of bitter beer, and probably become rather tired of the constant consumption of eggs and bacon. Yet he will have his reward, if he brings with him the necessary powers of perception; and will not unfrequently enjoy the pleasure of being the first discoverer, and, in a poetical though not in a legal sense, the sole proprietor of many lovely nooks and corners never visited by more ambitious travellers.

To enjoy such pleasures presupposes a certain amount of education, and we do not know that a better teacher could be suggested than Patricius Walker. He has the right capacities for appreciating English scenery. He has not indeed—and we decline to say whether this peculiarity should be counted as a defect or a merit—any particular desire to kill anything. His description of the New Forest begins in a manner calculated to arouse our suspicion. "A meet of foxhounds," he says is there "a pretty enough sight"; but we are happy to add that he declines to proceed to the conventional description of a run. He takes his pleasure after a different fashion. He describes the grand old oak called the "Queen's Bower," which stretches huge limbs across one of the rare forest brooks; and recommends us to recline beneath its branches, after the fashion of Jacques, and watch the trooping insects that play in the rays of sunshine or form dancing parties on the surface of the water. Thence we may ramble further to stumble upon a gipsy encampment, and discuss with the natives the difficulties that have dawned upon a totally uneducated race in the study of the first chapter of a Bible presented by some wandering missionary. What, by the way, is to become of these curious outcasts when compulsory education is universal? What legislative net will be close enough to entangle them in its meshes, or will they be swept out of existence or into respectability? Meanwhile, as we wander through the Forest, we are pleasantly reminded of William Gilpin, vicar of Boldre in these parts, and author of *Forest Scenery*. Here he lived through the final quarter of the last century, industriously making sketches—drawn with a reed pen and brownish "iron-water" ink, and "toned" with a yellow wash—which he sold for considerable sums. One collection produced 1,200*l.*, which he invested for the benefit of the school at Brockenhurst, and to increase the endowment he made another series of drawings at the age of seventy-eight, which were sold at Christie's for 1,625*l.* His drawings, such as they were, and the books which he published, were amongst the first symptoms of that growing love of the picturesque in nature which was so marked a tendency of the period. Three tall trees—a plane-tree, a yew, and a maple—still flourish in Boldre parish to recall to memory the good simple old vicar who first celebrated their beauty. He was an admirable specimen of that charming variety of the English country gentleman of which White of Selborne is another instance, and which has earned the gratitude of all lovers of rural scenery. A little anecdote reported by Patricius Walker is characteristic of the man. In Boldre churchyard, not far from the tomb where the old vicar and his wife rest beneath his favourite maple, is a headstone with this inscription composed by the vicar himself:—"Here rests from his labour William Baker, whose industry and frugality, whose honesty and piety, were long an example to this parish. He was born in 1710 and died in 1791." Mr. Gilpin, it seems, had found this pattern

* *Rambles*. By Patricius Walker. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

rustic eating his humble dinner in a 'retired cottage during one of his walks. Baker was old but athletic; a fine sturdy peasant, full of shrewd common sense, well versed in the Bible, with a little store of pithy maxims, and of blunt and independent character. Mr. Gilpin was charmed with his visit, which he frequently repeated, and after the old man's death not only composed his epitaph, but published an account of his life. But there is a sad conclusion. Some time after the decease of the lamented Baker, Mr. Gilpin was undeceived, and "had the sorrow rather than the mortification to find that Baker had been through life a worthless and flagitious character; that age, instead of curing, had only altered the nature of his vices, and that by all, except the pastor, he had ever been known and despised as a consummate rogue, an oppressive extortioner, and a base hypocrite." These words, however, were not added as an appendix to the epitaph; otherwise they might have thrown some light upon Charles Lamb's childish inquiry as to the place where the bad people were buried. The old sinner retains his posthumous compliment; but we agree with Patricius Walker that he is probably not included in the charitable but guarded expectation inscribed on the good vicar's own tomb, that it will be "a new joy to them" (that is, to Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin) "to meet several of their good neighbours who lie scattered in these sacred precincts around them." The italics are not in the original.

It is pleasant to believe that, in spite of hypocritical Bakers, there are yet many English clergymen and English peasants leading innocent and beautiful lives, "far from the madding crowd's inglorious strife," and adding fresh associations to the charms of our rural scenery. Patricius Walker visits other places which are consecrated by similar memories. Mr. Barnes is fortunately still amongst us to describe English country in an English dialect. George Herbert, whom, however, he appears to regard as a little too respectable, and too much idolized by his affectionate biographer, rests under the altar of Fugglestone Church, and receives due honour from this pilgrim of the nineteenth century; and that sly, humorous, double-chinned, and rather indecent old Devonshire vicar, Robert Herrick, who laid his Pagan bones, for Pagan he was in spite of his Christian veneering, lies in the churchyard of Dean Prior, amongst the flowery lanes that wind up to the purple ridges of Dartmoor. He was rather a disreputable old person, it is true, and scarcely a fitting companion for Herbert or for Gilpin; if the triers of the Commonwealth had turned no better men out of their livings, the Church of England would have counted but a very questionable list of confessors in those troublous times; and yet we cannot but love him, if only for the sake of the exquisite songs, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" and "Fair daffodils we weep to see." A genuine lover of old English poetry may find many wayside shrines in which to pay his devotions beside the world-famous centre on the Avon. We half regret that Shakspeare's immortal curse has not received a wider acceptance. Many memories which are now lost in the crowded aisles of Westminster Abbey would have given fresh interest to scattered country villages, and have there gathered associations far more closely personal and more harmonious. Few people in comparison would visit the sacred places; but a man would surely prefer that his tombstone should be approached once in a generation by a traveller coming in the spirit of Patricius Walker than that it should be daily trampled under foot by a herd of wild verger-driven tourists. Much might be said on the subject; but we must be content with repeating our full adherence to the infallible authority of Shakspeare. We never can be grateful enough for the anathema which has hitherto defended his remains against prying Yankees and money-making Britons.

We must hasten to take leave of Patricius Walker; but we cannot conclude without saying that we have confined ourselves to one vein of reflection out of many that might be suggested by his pages. His rambles are not strictly confined to rural England; he has something to say of Irish scenery, where indeed he speaks with the authority of long familiarity and of native birth; he gives us many pages of excellent criticism and biography—as, for example, a notice of Cobbett of much interest, though, in our opinion, rather too lenient; he enjoys our cathedrals, and denounces most righteously the destruction wrought by ignorant zealots under the mask of restorers; moreover, though a poet and a man of fine literary taste, he has a liking—with which we confess that we sympathize very imperfectly—for attending meetings of the British Association. The theories of scientific professors suggest to him many reflections upon which we have not space to dwell; but we may say generally that he discourses agreeably enough upon this and other topics to convince us that the American tourists to whom he once acted as guide were singularly fortunate in their selection. We hope that, although he does not act in that capacity in the flesh, his book will serve as at least an imperfect substitute for personal guidance to the numerous Englishmen who fail to appreciate the varied beauties and interests of their native land.

HAYMAN'S ODYSSEY.*

SIX years have elapsed since Dr. Hayman published his first instalment of a complete English commentary upon the *Odyssey*; and these years have been to him years of such eventful

* *The Odyssey of Homer*. Edited, with Marginal References, various Readings, Notes and Appendices, by Henry Hayman, D.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Head-master of Rugby School. Vol. II. London: David Nutt. 1873.

change and unforeseen distraction from the calm pursuits of literature, that had the second part, now put forth, fallen short in merit of the first, no just critic could have failed to make allowance. But no such allowance is needed. It speaks a great deal at once for Dr. Hayman's philosophic habit of mind, and for the sedative and constraining charm of classical research, that, amidst trials of which we forbear to speak because we here take account solely of his literary labours, he has worked in this interval faithfully and fruitfully at his Homeric task. The result is a volume of high intrinsic value as a textual and illustrative commentary, with a preface so logical, elaborate, and exhaustive as to be calculated to give a quietus (if commentators can see when they are beaten) to the modern "craze" that Homer represents a comparatively late poet, coeval, it is averred, with Herodotus and Antimachus. Dr. Hayman has conferred a weighty obligation on those who have a leaning towards reasonable probability and old beliefs by coming to the front, like one of Homer's heroes, to meet exorbitant demands with a lance of sharpness and precision. We are much mistaken if in England, as already in Germany, a reaction to the old faith in an embodied father of poetry, the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, is not destined to follow from the skillful array of arguments with which, in the pages of his learned preface, he has weighed *seriatim* the windy postulates of Mr. Paley and his followers.

These indeed are not to be confounded with the views of the "chorizontic" *Edinburgh* Reviewer, whom our author more summarily despatches. It would be hard to find a more complete disproval of the arguments urged for a separate authorship of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* than is contained in the first seven pages of the preface. Several of these arguments, whether based on language or on internal evidence of manners, are shown to be worthless, inasmuch as the alleged diversity does not exist. The Reviewer denies the use of *θηρη* in the singular in the *Iliad*. Dr. Hayman cites it from *Il. xxiv. 317*. The Reviewer urges that in the *Odyssey* there is no trace of a belief, which exists in the *Iliad*, that the Olympian Gods were wont to be present at feasts instituted in their honour. But lo! says our author, in the very first council of the Gods in the *Odyssey* (*i. 22-5*) Poseidon's absence is accounted for on the ground that he is gone for this very object to the distant Æthiopians. Again, the Reviewer makes out the "peplum" to be Asiatic in the *Iliad*, and infers a different authorship from its use in the *Odyssey* by Greek women of rank. But he is reminded that the ground on which some have suspected the chief passage where it occurs in the *Iliad* (*vi. 271*) of spuriousness is no other than its specially Attic affinities; and, even assuming it to have been Asiatic, we are reminded that Homer was an Asiatic Greek, and that Helen, who in the *Odyssey* gives a peplum to Telemachus, was also a Greek princess who has long sojourned in Asia. Thus we have confirmation resulting where contrariety has been searched for; and it is the same in divers other cases which Dr. Hayman crumbles up with an ease that betokens reserve of power. On the general question of difference of manners in the two poems, he suggests the perfectly satisfactory explanation that the manners of the *Iliad* are what one would expect of "men abroad in a state of war," those of the *Odyssey* characteristic of "men at home in a state of peace." It is, as he happily illustrates, the difference in "habits and equipments of our Guards in the Crimea from the same in their barracks or in society at home."

Mr. Paley, as is just, receives at Dr. Hayman's hands fuller and ampler consideration of his peculiar views on the chronological question of Homer's date. The high respect which this able scholar has won by his editions of Æschylus, Euripides, Hesiod, &c., entitles him to no common deference, even where the views which he propounds are most novel and startling. Indeed we can conceive that not a few younger scholars would accept as conclusive, without more ado, his *ipse dixit* on such a matter, e.g., as the argument from language, that our Homer was later than Archilochus, Theognis, Æschylus, Pindar, and Simonides. On this very account it is matter of rejoicing that he has met with an antagonist who copes with him in detail, and that successfully and exhaustively; arguing with him severally the fifteen points of his argument, and rebutting, sometimes to the full extent of a *reductio ad absurdum*, claims which would have no plausibility at all were they not stated by a scholar of great repute and research. Thus the argument for a modern date which Mr. Paley deduces from the fact of archaisms, symptomatic of an early period of the language, being intermixed with a comparatively modern style of diction, is met in Dr. Hayman's preface by a challenge to show that the bulk of the diction is more recent than the date of Archilochus; and in an eloquent and convincing note (*p. xi.*) the occurrence of so-called archaisms is accounted for by Homer's wielding, like Shakspeare, as a poet of the people, a mass of language and vocabulary and word-forms greater than any other poet of his country. The objector would also argue a late date from the details of the Homeric armour. But where, asks Dr. Hayman, are the details of early armour wherewith to compare these? Besides which, as he shows from Hallam, fashions of war have a strange fixity and long continuance. Sieges and siege works hardly varied from the Roman epoch till the invention of gunpowder. And it speaks volumes that the Homeric weapons and panoply had a basis of copper (*χαλκός*).

A favourite ground of argument with Mr. Paley is that which may be labelled "altered treatment"; his theory is, that unwritten poems so ancient and popular must have been cooked and hashed for the tastes of successive ages, and therefore liable to be superseded by a still later written, even if anonymous, composition.

Thus he would take the *μῆνος* of Achilles and Ulysses sung of by Demodocus in Od. viii. 75, seq., as an "altered treatment" of the *μῆνος* of Achilles in the Iliad; and he would regard in the same light the episodes of the Cyclopes and Læstrygonians, and of Circe and Calypso in the Odyssey. Dr. Hayman shows, with regard to the first instance, in a detailed examination which our limits forbid us to reproduce, that the parallel goes no further than Fluellen's "the situations, look you, is poth like." As to the second, he asks whether there is anything in the alleged resemblances inconsistent with their being distinct and original tales of adventure, and repetitions of types of savagery not improbably culled from travellers along the Mediterranean coasts—repetitions, too, in which the elements of a king, a polity, a city, a palace, and a road traversed by waggons, in the later instance, sufficiently distinguish it from the case of the Cyclopes, where there are none of these. And with regard to the third instance, Circe and Calypso, we are constrained to agree that it is "Fluellen again," and "Macedon and Monmouth"; suggesting naturally to Dr. Hayman's mind Archbishop Whately's *Historic Doubts*, and to our own Sir G. C. Lewis's "Egyptological Method of Writing History," wherein St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul's in London are shown to be "altered treatments" of one and the same fact, in that both are in a city, both on a river, both built by an architect, and both named after an apostle. There is perfect fitness and force in our author's plea that by parity of reasoning Virgil might be convicted of repetitions, because Anchises's ghost in the Third Book of the *Æneid* is but "another version" of Hector's ghost in the Second; and because the end of Palinurus and that of Misenus are both by drowning. But really the point is too inconsiderable to waste words upon, although it is in the interest of common sense that it should be disposed of in arguments softened and brought home by the introduction of humour and pleasantry; just as where our author, in dealing with Mr. Paley's plea for the modernness of Homer drawn from the absence of direct reference to Homer in Pindar and the Tragic poets, and in showing that the importation of "ipsisima verba" savours of parody and burlesque, takes an instance from the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and, on the basis of an only approximate quotation, maintains that a parity of reasoning would make Barham to have had before him a text of Shakespeare not commonly known when he quoted or introduced words from *Coriolanus*.

Although it is by no means conceded that the great Tragic writers for the most part ignore Homeric themes and subjects—and indeed evidence to the contrary is satisfactorily adduced—it deserves attention that the cause assigned by Dr. Hayman for the greater indebtedness of the Tragic to post-Homeric and Cyclic writers is the more pathetic development of the Homeric heroes in the works of the latter. This would obviously be more attractive, available, and popular material to work upon; but as surely would it assist a conclusion as to the early date of the Iliad and the Odyssey of our Homer. It is not alleged that the Tragic did not avail themselves of intermediate legends, but that there was quite enough in Homer for them to work upon had no Cyclic steps ever come into play; and this is shown by pertinent reference to Shakespeare and his treatment of the Chronicles wherein he found his plots. "And if," says Dr. Hayman, "our Homer is shown to be later than *Æschylus*, because the latter borrowed from the Cyclics, he is for the same reason later than even Apollonius, Rhodius, and Virgil." *Solvuntur risu tabule*.

The three chief lines of evidence on which Dr. Hayman, beyond any of his compere, relies for the early date of the Homeric poems are, first, that of the vases and vase-paintings in the British Museum and elsewhere; secondly, the argument as to language deducible from the greater or less coincidences of thought and word in the poets from 800 to 500 B.C. with Homer; and thirdly, that, on which he insists with great plausibility, arising from the very rudimentary character of the geography of the Iliad. As to the first, there is yet more, we suspect, to be made of it; and we shall await with considerable interest the result of the researches and observations of Professor Heinrich Brunn, which it is to be hoped will be made accessible to English scholars. Meanwhile we think that Dr. Hayman's inferences from an analysis of the scenes on the chest of Cypselus, which may be as old as 600 B.C., and which was, when Pausanias saw it, a very ancient Greek carving, satisfactorily point to the craftsman's knowledge of Homer, but not of the Cyclic poets. Pausanias recognized on it five (probably designed) illustrations of Homer; he does not, as he might have done had an early *Διὸς πίναξ* of the date of the chest existed, refer to a Cyclic poem the incident represented thereon of Menelaus chasing Helen with a drawn sword, which appears in Euripides and on a vase in Millingen's ancient monuments. "So far," concludes Dr. Hayman, "as the chest of Cypselus can show anything, it shows that our Homer was when the Cyclics were not." Again, the result of a comparison of the vases with the poems, as regards horse-riding, is curiously in favour of the antiquity of the latter. The rare tokens of equestrian performance in Homer are a subject large enough for separate illustration and scrutiny. One thing is quite clear; it was unknown in Homeric warfare. Yet, if the oldest Greek vase in the Museum exhibiting the human figure has equestrian forms upon it, and if the vases dating from 700 B.C. to 550 B.C. present frequent instances of horse-riding, it is obviously presumable that the Iliad and Odyssey belong to a date prior to the former of these dates, or at all events to the mean between them. But we cannot here go further into our author's researches into the question of the vase-pictures; enough perhaps will have been said when we state, as a general result of it, that

in one important private collection, that of the Count of Lamberg, the proportion of Homeric to non-Homeric subjects is ten to three.

Dr. Hayman is on yet firmer ground when he rebuts the charge of modernism on the faith of coincidences, often lying half-hid in a key-word, between our Homer (not Mr. Paley's) and his successors. Even in Theognis, although his poetry is so little akin to that of the objective epic, there are many likenesses as curious as that which occurs between the Megarian poet and his epic father in poetry, wherein the former welds into this pentameter, *ἰχθυόεντα πῆρ' ὅντων ἐς ἀρπύγεσσιν*, two distinct Homeric combinations—namely, *πῆρ' ὅντων ἐς ἰχθυόεντα*, and *πῆρ' ὅντων ἐς ἀρπύγεσσιν*. Then, too, as is shown lucidly in pp. lxiv.-v., the correspondence of language between the *Supplices* of *Æschylus*—a play without Homeric affinities in plot, scene, or character—shows nearly as many Homeric words and phrases as the parallelisms which Mr. Paley has reckoned up between Homer and Herodotus. Equally striking is the specimen group set in array from Pindar's Nemean Odes in its family likeness to Homer; and as to the transitive middle verbs, which to Mr. Paley have a savour of modern cookery, Dr. Hayman caps them by fifteen instances from Hesiod and six from Archilochus. It seems to follow that, if word-forms relied upon to fix the lateness of Homer's date occur also in the poets who range from Hesiod and Archilochus down to Pindar, the old bard is at any rate in precisely the same predicament *quod* imputed modernism as those poets with whom Mr. Paley seeks crucially to compare him.

We can but glance at the geographical and topographical argument; but really the giant to be vanquished is here a mere stuffed straw figure. Compare Homer's geography with that of *Æschylus* and Pindar (in the early fifth century), and say then if his barrenness can possibly be coeval with their wealth. Great ignorance of Western geography; no hint of Cyrene, which Pindar celebrates in such glowing legends; only the faintest allusion to the yet insignificant Dorian and Ionian races; the very narrowest ideas of travel as compared with the geography of Hesiod; an utter ignorance of names for local seas—all these particulars are notes of a most primitive poet, as well as of geography in its infancy. In short, to avail ourselves of Dr. Hayman's forcible way of putting it, "to ascribe to the Homeric poems a date posterior to *Æschylus* and Pindar is like trying to roll all human knowledge backward, and making the river reascend to its course." Much more certainly "do the Tables in Sprünker's Atlas, 'Orbis ad mentem Homerii,' 'ad mentem Hecatei,' 'ad mentem Herodoti,' as clearly mark successive strata of knowledge as the fossils in geological formations attest so many successive deposits of the earth's crust" (pp. xcvi.-vii.). We cannot help adding that, if the eyes of modern scholars are to be freed from the glamour which has of late years obscured them as regards this old-world faith, the result will have been mainly due to the steady, unflinching position which Dr. Hayman has maintained in this matter; and that not with the obstinacy to which superficial observers might ascribe it, but with a tactician's readiness to surrender assailable and unimportant outposts, such as textual discrepancies referable to the original author's own fugitive memory, the omissions and interpolations of the rhapsodist, and the frailty in judgment of the early Alexandrine critics.

The careful commentary which succeeds this exhaustive preface presents so many aspects of value and importance that it can scarcely even be glanced at in the remainder of the present article. One of these is subsidiary to the argument for unity of authorship. In a note at vii. 172, on the ceremony of the *χρίσις*, according to Athenæus finding no place in the Iliad, we recall Dr. Hayman's distinction between *camp* life in the one poem and *home* life in the other. Upon viii. 131-2, where, of five games proposed, four are despatched with the briefest mention, he notes that this brevity may be the poet's way of recognizing his fuller previous treatment of the subject in Iliad xxiii., and so may represent a link between the poems. Upon viii. 313-5 we find a note on the ethical likeness of the sensitive Hephestus of the First Book of the Iliad to the same God in the lay of Demodocus. Nor are these insignificant anti-chorizontic notes. In viii. 553, *οὐ κακὸς οἶδ' ἐμὲν ἰσθλός*—epithets reversing the order of "gentle and simple," and referable, as Dr. Hayman notes, "to the estate and condition of the child born"—are words which suggest an obvious addition to the coincidences of language between Homer and Theognis, who uses these epithets constantly in a kindred sense.

Sound taste distinguishes Dr. Hayman's choice between alternative interpretations in such cases as where, in vii. 105-6, *ἡλάκατα στρωφῶσιν* | *ἤμεναι ὅλα τε φύλλα*, c. r. λ., is explained by him of Arete's maidens "combining rapid motion in working with a fixed position at work." The simile he takes to express, not the idea of their sitting "close as leaves on a poplar," but like as "the leaves of the poplar tremble and show both sides, yet without quitting their hold on the bough." In the next verse *καρπώσιν* is rightly read and explained, though perhaps the full form should have been given *καρπώσιν* in the note. For lucid and full interpretation we may refer to the sufficiently intricate passage about Alcinoüs's vineyard and the successive stages of nature's process in it (vii. 123-8); and for copious illustration to the note (viii. 475) on *ἀποπροταμών*, which deals amply with the whole question of "heroic" feeding. Dr. Hayman, too, is very happy in rendering epithets—e.g., *πῶλον ἱρηνήν*, "the lovely city" (i.e. socially pleasant, cf. *ἱρηνός*), or *εὐλαποδὸς βοῦς*, "the shuffle-gaited oxen." For such epithets he has ever

a parallel from English poetry; indeed his ready use of illustrations from modern literature is one of his happiest gifts. A young student may have his fancy profitably turned to comparative folklore when, in plodding through the story of the Lotuses in the Ninth Book (94-9), he finds a parallel legend cited from Miss Frere's *Old Deccan Days*.

If our space allowed, we could say much more about this volume as evincing rare and many-sided erudition. In dealing with other new editions of the *Odyssey*, or of parts of it, we may have an opportunity again to examine the commentary, as well as the learned and valuable appendices. At present we must be contented to express our conviction that Dr. Hayman's *Odyssean labours* cannot fail to enhance his reputation as a scholar both at home and abroad.

ZELLER'S HISTORY OF GERMANY.*

(Second Notice.)

THE different parts of M. Zeller's book, of the general nature of which we have spoken in a former article, differ widely according as he writes in the character of a scholar or only in that of an angry man. In the first part, the "Introduction à l'Histoire d'Allemagne," the latter character prevails, while, in the last part, where he deals with the course of Frankish history, the scholar's point of view prevails over that of the wrathful man—shall we say of the renegade? In the Introduction M. Zeller's wrath boils over; it is really little better than a libel on Germany and the Germans in all times, past and present. His great point is that Cæsar says that the Germans saw no shame in robberies done beyond the bounds of each man's own tribe. This charge is over and over again cast by M. Zeller in the teeth of all Germans from Cæsar's day to ours. Now we should be very much surprised indeed if the charge were not true of the Germans of Cæsar's day. The only question is, Is such a state of things in any way peculiar to Germans, and therefore in any way specially disgraceful to Germans? Is it not equally true of all nations at a certain stage of their national being? Nay, if we enlarge the limit, if, instead of the tribe, we take something wider—men of the same language, of the same religion, of the same colour, or wherever else the line may happen to be drawn—is it not very largely true of all nations at a stage of their culture very far advanced beyond the Germans of Ariovistus? It was only late in the last century that it began to strike modern Europeans that there was any shame in robberies committed on black men. This was simply the same doctrine, only with the area of the tribe extended so as to take in all Europe, all Christendom, or whatever the limit was held to be. It is foolish in a man like M. Zeller, who can write sense when he chooses, to write in this silly sort of way, which can do nothing but provoke an endless *tu quoque*. Then M. Zeller goes on to tell us that Germans in all ages have made war only for the sake of gain, while France alone makes wars for ideas, whether in the days of the Crusades or in later times. Yet we think that we have heard of sacked towns where the cry of *vive gagnée* was heard as loudly as any Teutonic equivalent; and as for making wars for ideas, the Germans might perhaps answer that the results of such warfare are themselves apt to be somewhat ideal. Those who now fill the Professor's chair at Strasburg might perhaps remind M. Zeller that, though there was much talk, much fighting for the idea of the liberation of Venice in 1859, yet the thing itself, in its practical, and not its ideal, shape, came only from quite another quarter in 1866. We are quite ready to see German history treated from a French as well as from a German or English point of view; but M. Zeller should really remember that nothing whatever is proved as to the rights and wrongs of disputes between one nation and another by simply showing that all have gone through the same stages, and that some nations have gone through them earlier than others.

The Introduction is followed by a map, and, when it comes to drawing a map, the higher of M. Zeller's two characters prevails over the lower; we get more of the scholar and less of the angry partisan. We say more and less, because it is as easy to turn a map into an engine of polemics as anything else; still the process of making a map is in itself a scientific one; it can hardly be done without some thought, some attempt at accurate representation; it cannot, as an introduction may, sink into a mere outpouring of angry words. M. Zeller gives us what he calls "Carte de l'Allemagne physique," where we have nothing to say against the way in which the rivers and mountains are laid down, though we might now and then make a gentle murmur as to the places occupied by some of the names. "Scandinavie," for instance, should surely not come south of the Eider; nor do we quite understand about "Allemagne Occidentale," something distinguished between both "Haute" and "Basse," the letters making up the name of which creep up the right bank of the Rhine in a very remarkable way. Then, on the other side, we have the letters of the name "France" arranged in a sort of broken semicircle; the F, the R, and the A seem to keep dangerously near to the Belgian frontier; the N gets east of the Vosges, but, as if it did not find itself at home there, the C and the E turn away with a sudden angle in a southeasterly direction. We are comforted however by finding the name *Bourgogne*—we may add privately that vague rumours are afloat that, by the use of a strong geographical telescope, an eleventh Burgundy has lately been brought to light—set down in

the region of the Saône and the Doubs; we should have had nothing to say against M. Zeller if he had carried it further to the east. But all these things are trifles; there is nothing of any moment to say against M. Zeller's map, nor yet against the map later on in the book which is headed "Carte de la Germanie ancienne." To be sure we again get "Scandinavie" coming down into *Saxonia Transalbania* and in the eastern part of the maps the "race finnoise" and the "race slave" seem to divide things among them in a way which leaves hardly any room for our old friends the Lithuanians and Old-Prussians. We must say, once for all, that we cannot have the last bison or the last verb in —mi put upon by any man, French, German, Russian, or anything else. But throughout it is not for anything as to the mere statement of facts that we have to find fault with M. Zeller; it is the way of putting them, the inferences he makes from them, and the utterly irrelevant matter which he drags in, which forms the ground of our quarrel against him. What, for instance, is proved by bringing together a great number of instances to show that the Germans are called by different names among different nations? M. Zeller points out this undoubted truth with an air of triumph; we see nothing in it but a fact common to the Germans with many other nations. To trace out the different historical causes why a people call themselves by one name, while their neighbours very frequently call them by another, is often most curiously instructive as a matter of history, but it really proves nothing for or against any of the nations concerned. We confess that we are rather pleased than otherwise when the Briton calls us a Saxon, and when the Englishman beyond the Ocean calls us a Britisher. It is quite certain that the Germans are at this day, and have been for a long time past, called by four or five different names, while the French are everywhere called by some form of the name which they give themselves. But we do not exactly see in what way this is to the discredit of the Germans, and it is quite possible that the argument might be turned the other way. Why is the greater part of Gaul now called France? Because the Duchy of France has step by step swallowed up most of its neighbours. By this process the name of a part has been transferred to the whole. But the names *Germani*, *Deutschen*, *Allemands*, and the Slavonic name meaning dumb, which we had rather not take on ourselves to spell, are at least names, whatever they mean, which are meant to describe the whole nation; nobody speaks of Germany as "Prussia," "Austria," or "Saxony," in the same way in which we do speak of the more part of Gaul as "France."

In the department of ethnology proper M. Zeller does not strike us as strong. Or perhaps he is only anxious to make out the barbarous Germans to be as barbarous as possible by mixing them up with all manner of uncouth nations to the east of them. To be sure we have in some sort brought this upon our own heads. Jornandes and Grimm have identified Goths and Getae; so it is perhaps to be borne in patience if M. Zeller goes on somewhat further in the same path. Still this game also may be played on two sides. If later Greek writers speak of Goths and other Teutonic nations as Scythians, Dion Cassius constantly speaks of the Germans as a whole as Celts. Such a lack of discernment on the part of a Roman Senator and Consul must be not a little grievous to M. Zeller; for our own parts we can stand being called anything, except perhaps Semi-Saxons. And a feeling of neighbourhood, if not of kindred, makes us crave of M. Zeller that he will not write *Kimrys* when we guess that he means *Cymry*. And, if Lord Strangford were still among us, he would have something to say about rash identifications of *Cymry* with *Cimbri*, *Cimmerians*, and what not. But the *Kimrys* are perhaps only an extension in a Celtic direction of the tendency which troubles M. Zeller—or his printer—like everybody else, or everybody else's printer, who writes about Teutonic matters in the French tongue. We have often and in vain tried to find out why it is that no Frenchman or French-speaking person, from the time of Domesday onward, has ever been able rightly to copy any Teutonic word, German, English, or Scandinavian, even though it be set before him printed in Roman letters. We are used to "Williams Pitt" and the "Wighs"; we now, by an opposite process to the latter, get the *whergeld* nearly, if not quite, every time that it is spoken of, to say nothing of "Hermann (guerrier)," which looks like a jumble of the two rival explanations of the name of Arminius. Words are written in so many ways that we cannot dogmatically assert that *Heretoga* or *Herzog* may not, in some time or place, have been written *Heere-zoghe*, but it is, to say the least, an odd form to pick out. And it is going beyond the bounds of bad spelling when M. Zeller tells us how certain people, by a ceremony in the Assembly, formally cut themselves off from all relations with their families or with the tribe in general:—

Ces malheureux ou ces indomptables rebelles sont proscrits rejetés de la société, poursuivis par elle. Ils se rassemblent quelquefois par bandes sous le nom de *warang* (*warg*), d'*out law* (hors la loi), rendent guerre pour guerre à la société et ajoutent au désordre général.

We of course feel flattered at seeing the modern English form *outlaw* carried back into such early times, but does M. Zeller fancy that *warg* and the *Warangians* have anything to do with one another? This is really the nearest approach to a meaning which his words suggest to us.

Against the greater part of the narrative as a narrative we have very little to say; it is a good enough account of the migrations and invasion, and of the general Merovingian history in Gaul. It is almost wholly the colouring against which we protest throughout. But when he gets into Italy he is less lucky;

* *Histoire d'Allemagne. Origines de l'Allemagne et de l'Empire germanique.* Par Jules Zeller. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1872.

it is better to leave Theodoric alone than to slur him over, and we should greatly like to have a reference for the following account of Odoacer with which M. Zeller favours us:—

Maitre alors de Rome, il annonce au sénat qu'il prend le titre de roi d'Italie, des terres pour les siens, et il lui ordonne de renvoyer à Constantinople les insignes de l'empire d'Occident décidément renversé. La Germanie du dehors et celle du dedans avaient vaincu; par violence et par trahison, elles avaient réussi; l'empire romain n'existait plus; les barbares pouvaient se donner la main ou se battre sur les ruines.

After this, on the principle that "de minimis non curat lex," we are not inclined to be hard on M. Zeller, especially as he is so civil to us here in our island, for quartering Winfrith, *alias* Boniface, in Essex instead of Wessex, and for further High-Dutching him into Winfried.

M. Zeller has clearly read the original writers and worked at them; he has also clearly read his Waitz, and he has understood him whenever it was not inconvenient; in short, if M. Zeller had been inspired by something better than the wildest frenzy of political hatred, he might have written something worth reading about the time that he has taken in hand. It is a time which it is well to have looked at from the French point of view as well as from the Roman, German, English, or any other. But the way to do so is not to write a libel on a whole nation and all that it has done for nineteen hundred years.

We will wind up with an extract from M. Zeller's last page, which we could quite well understand in a mere vulgar chatterer, but which is astounding in one who knows perfectly well that Charles the Great did not reign at Paris. He has spoken of the Roman coronation, and adds these words:—

Mais cette œuvre éphémère et peut-être chimérique de sa vie appartient moins à cette période qu'à la suivante, au moins pour l'histoire de l'Allemagne. Même, en effet, en s'affaissant bientôt sur lui-même, parce qu'il n'était point viable, cet établissement politique rendit possible en Allemagne la création de cet empire germanique qui fut un long et ambitieux plagiat de l'empire carlovingien, comme aujourd'hui le néo-empire allemand que nous voyons se relever à la fin du XIX^e siècle, est un plagiat, funeste pour l'Europe, de l'empire napoléonien deux fois tombé en France.

WHERE IS OUR COAL?*

A FEW years ago, discussions as to how much coal was to be found, and how long it was likely to last, in this or that country, were matter of interest only to a limited clique of geologists or to a few mining capitalists and statisticians. The progress of events has now, somewhat abruptly, enlarged the circle of those for whom such questions have a meaning and a value. We shall indeed hardly find any householder, rich or poor, who, when called upon to pay for his domestic or his engine coal, does not ponder on the amazing price of that necessary of life, and marvel what on earth—or rather under the earth—has become of those stores of fossil fuel which we used to hear, in England at least, called practically inexhaustible. When Sir William Armstrong in 1863, at Newcastle, announced his fear of the rapid exhaustion of the Northern coal-field, it was not without good evidence contributed by local authorities as to the quantities already made away with and the quantities still available. But for years before his warning the extent of the coal-producing power of that district had been more accurately gauged than that of any other of our numerous British coal-fields. Nor were there wanting experienced mine-agents to put forward their estimates that, at the then moderate rate of consumption—less than half what it now has risen to—a period of from 350 to 360 years would exhaust the whole region. Mr. Hull, collecting into one focus all the materials which he could obtain, some of which as a Government surveyor he vouched for by his personal examination, ventured in 1860 to publish not only a description of the features of each separate district, but a calculation of the actual tonnage, from which it resulted that a sum-total, for the United Kingdom, of 79,843 millions of tons of coal were stated to exist in reserve. This amount would, at the then rate of consumption, suffice for about one thousand years. But an uncomfortable suspicion haunted the author that the quantity raised per annum had been doubled every twenty years; and that if this galloping consumption were to be continued, the whole stock of the entire country would be finished off in 172 years. Whether or not this particular hypothesis as to the rate of the unmistakably increasing drain on our resources was well founded is quite open to doubt; but, in order to get rid of the depressing effect of such an inference, we must overturn it either by showing that the progression is really more moderate, or that the total amount in store in the depths of the rocks is greater than had been allowed; or, again, both these debateable conclusions might be a good deal modified. This, in fact, is what has been done by the Royal Commission on Coal, which lately published a Report giving the principal results of its labours. The annual increase in the quantity raised would appear to be between two and a half and three millions of tons; but the total quantity upon which we have to draw is, according to the Commissioners, nearly double of the estimate of Mr. Hull, being no less than 146,480 millions of tons, within workable distance from the surface.

Our author has now published a third edition of his work, no longer an unpretending little book giving in the main his own conclusions, but a bulky volume, in all the glory of numerous maps

and large type, "embodying the Reports of the Royal Commission." He shows fairly enough how the discrepancy between the two estimates arises—namely, in part from the Commissioners having elected to include a number of coal-seams thinner than he believes ought to be considered workable; and, secondly, from their adding an enormous area, which, being concealed under newer formations, must remain matter of much uncertainty until actually explored. Several indeed of these gentlemen appear to have been fired with a patriotic ardour to make the most of the several districts on which they had to report; and one of their number is even sanguine enough to suggest that a large tract beneath the German Ocean may be worked through the instrumentality of shafts to be put down miles away from land in the midst of those stormy waters. It is difficult to resist the impression that some of the reporters may, in making up their liberal totals, unconsciously have felt, as it is natural for coalowners to feel, that such an abundance of fuel in reserve would operate as an argument against any future interference with the export trade, which, to the chagrin of some of our home consumers, now amounts to above twelve millions of tons per annum. In the estimates now before us we have the larger figures of the Commissioners, somewhat reduced by the author's deduction for the thinner seams.

The first part of the work treats of coal very generally, and a variety of peoples and tongues are brought into play with reference to the early history and the names of the material in question; but it is scarcely creditable that amid such a blaze of linguistic pretension the pages should be spotted with so many inaccuracies. The well-known passage of Theophrastus is very unilaterally rendered, and the quoted terms *λίθος* (*sic*) *ἀνθρακας*, and *καθάπερ ὁ ἀνθρακας* (*sic*), are almost as shaky Greek as Kara-on (*sic*) and Kara Denghoz are wonderful Turkish. In the same way of misspelling foreign words and names, we read further on of the valley of the *Ruhr* for *Ruhr*, and of the basin of the *Plauenschen Grundes*. But these blunders in words, with such expressions as "tracts (*sic*) of marine worms," and even the describing of certain phenomena as on the Southern, instead of the Northern, side of the Welsh coal-field, are venial in comparison with startling errors in those very quantities on which the estimates pretending to scientific accuracy are founded. We are told that the production of Scotland, which in 1859 was 10,300,000 tons, in the year 1870 was no less than 21,273,000 tons; whilst, according to the official returns of Mr. R. Hunt, published by Government, we find it was actually 14,900,000. The amount raised in France for 1870 is stated, p. 416, to be 6,550,000 tons; whereas we read at p. 333 that the field of St. Etienne alone yields six millions per annum, and the published statistics show for the whole of France a total of thirteen millions. The annual production of the Forest of Dean is set down at 500,000 tons, whilst the official returns give for the same year, 1870, 907,000 tons. Again, we read that the number of iron furnaces in blast in South Wales in 1870 was, in the bituminous coal district, 45, and the quantity of pig-iron made 500,950 tons; but the same authority—Mr. Hunt, F.R.S.—specifying the details, gives the number of furnaces as 105, and the production of pig-iron almost the double of what the author has stated. It is inseparable from the nature of many of the estimates of the vast quantities which are brought under our notice that no high degree of exactness should be attained, but it is inexcusable that such mis-statements should occur among the figures which confiding readers may take for the basis of calculation and comparison.

In his later chapters, on the temperature of deep workings and on the duration of the coal-fields, Mr. Hull has brought forward a number of important observations contributed by various colliery viewers, and has rationally examined the subject with the aid of the fuller light which has been thrown upon it by further and deeper operations, and by the views of several authors who have also been quoted by the Royal Commission. But we believe that in drawing parallels between our own country and others, sufficient stress has not been laid upon the fact that our great commercial success, so far as it depends on our stores of coal, has been attained by the enormous amount we have been able to raise, good in quality, and low in price. Compare Belgium, France, and Germany in this respect with Great Britain, and you have a sufficient illustration of the great natural advantages which our manufacturers have enjoyed. But when we once have to work, in any large proportion, deeper and thinner and dirtier seams, and can only put them on the pit-bank at a higher price than heretofore, we must lose our former vantage ground, if only other nations can so far economize their resources as to be less affected by the same evils. It is thus not mere quantity in reserve nor rate of consumption that has to be taken into account, and it now becomes too evident that other agencies are at work, the potency of which was before last year not fully appreciated. The coal is abundantly proved to exist in such quantity as to supply the increasing demand with ease, and yet we are all suffering from famine prices, which in certain branches of industry are almost prohibitory. Plenty of coal is at hand in our pits, but a year of unexampled inflation of the iron trade has sufficed to cause such a pressure upon the insufficient amount raised to the surface as to induce purchasers to give twice or three times the prices to which we had been accustomed. The colliers, participating in the prosperity of the trade by the high wages they receive, insist on limiting the out-put by working less and less. We have it on the best authority that in Northern districts a pitman earns with 6½ hours' work from 8s. to 10s. In the Midland districts men are obtaining wages which

* The Coal Fields of Great Britain. By F. Hull, M.A., F.R.S. London: E. Stanford. 1873.

give them 150*l.* or 200*l.* a-year; and in the part of South Wales where a gigantic strike is reducing to misery a large population beyond the circle of their own families, the colliers have been getting an average of 30*s.* to 36*s.* a-week, and at the steam-coal collieries 39*s.* to 40*s.* Liberal as are such wages for mere pick-work, in comparison with the modest incomes of industrious clerks, young officers of the army and navy, curates, and a host of others who contrive by thrift to keep themselves and families in a respectable position, no one would grudge them to the pitmen did they but seek to do their best. But when we find them only intent on shortening their hours, spending all that they get, and with their Unions and "Amalgamations" interfering at every turn with the masters, determined to exclude others from working, and to limit the out-put according to their own sweet will, the condition of things becomes simply intolerable. It happened to us not long since, on crossing a river in the North, that, asking the meaning of an unusual crowd of pleasure boats, we learnt that they belonged to the pitmen of the neighbouring colliery, who were pleased to pass their afternoons in the harmless pastime of sailing and fishing. Who were the owners of the wicker-boats skimming the stream? The pitmen. It was here like the old story of the Marquis of Carabas. Who were the dwellers in the neat cottages pleasantly ranged near the shore? The pitmen; paying in some cases a nominal rent, in others having them free. For whom those spacious school-rooms? For the pitmen's children to frequent free of charge. Who were they that composed the dense mob thronging the railway stations whenever there was to be a pleasure trip, or a race, or a launch, or a swimming match? The pitmen. We have too long been accustomed to regard this class from a sentimental point of view as ill-used innocents, ground to the earth under hard taskmasters. And when we now find them, under the leadership of paid agitators, striving against the established principles of political economy, and seeking by aid of absurdly exaggerated prices to limit the supply of what we know to exist in rich abundance, we can no longer rejoice in the high wages that engender such license. And if they maintain the determination, by unduly consulting their own ease, to pinch the whole community, and jeopardize the commercial prosperity of the whole country, they may be assured that they will rouse the adverse opinion of all right-minded men in the country.

LÜBKE'S HISTORY OF SCULPTURE.*

THIS book is better worth the pains bestowed upon it by the translator than the dismal platitudes of Herr Grimm's *Life of Michael Angelo*, to which the same name (we know not whether male or female) was affixed. We shall indeed presently have to indicate heavy deductions from our praise, yet these two handsome volumes may be accepted as filling for the time a serious gap in the library of the English student of art, and as containing materials of value for some writer better qualified to deal with the subject. The book is also handsomely illustrated, and although woodcuts, unless handled with far greater skill than is here generally shown, let all the finer elements of sculpture escape, yet, if simply looked on as diagrams, they carry the reader's mind with them through the otherwise tedious details of narrative, and form at least a kind of pictorial index, pointing out where he should look for matters of interest. The translator's work, so far as we can judge without referring to the original, has been executed with care and clearness. Nothing, indeed, can impart liveliness to so characteristically Teutonic and heavy a writer as the learned Professor; but we feel little doubt that he is considerably more readable in this version than in the original. A few misspelt names (Perithous, Epigone, Poseidipp, and the like) should be corrected in a second issue; and a perplexing interchange of the present with the past tense, in describing matters lying wholly in the past, should be avoided. Scrupulous fidelity to the diction of the original, it should never be forgotten, is no virtue in translating German prose.

The work begins with three chapters which, in the brief space of sixty pages, dispose of the whole sculpture of India, Egypt, and Asia, together with an introductory chapter on the theory and development of the art. This introduction is in that style which lays claims to the title of "philosophical." Great principles and high-sounding general phrases are in the field throughout, and, as in many other German works, this style is so consistently sustained that the reader, if inexperienced, will at first be apt to say, "How deep and thorough is this treatment compared with the superficiality of the French, or the irregular handling of such a subject common in English writing!" The difference between architecture and sculpture, we read, "is the subject of their works. While architecture exhibits in its just harmony the beautiful in inorganic nature, sculpture has no other aim than the complete physical representation of the animate and organic form"; and so on, through many well-balanced paragraphs, in which the author describes the different modes of sculpture—the group, the relief, &c.—points out the aim of Christian art as compared with classical, and winds up with the usual thanksgiving to that revival of the antique through which "the plastic art by strict discipline recovered her healthfulness," until, having now "invested the

exact impress of the individual character with the breath of the ideal and the imperishable," we learn, with a very agreeable sense of surprise, that she has "attained her aim of manifesting in finite forms the presence of the Infinite."

Far be it from us to imply that this style of disquisition, upon which the authority of Goethe and Schiller is supposed in some quarters to have set an eternal sanction, is without meaning to the writers, or may not convey to readers of a certain class ideas of real value. But we must own to a strong conviction that this general treatment of a subject so full of individuality and technical elements as art is a very perilous thing, and, except in the strongest hands, sure to lead to nothing but highflying emptiness. It was so, too often, in the case of one at least of the two great poets whom we have named; Goethe's criticisms on individual works of art making a wretched contrast to his eloquent dogmatism on first principles. What a display of the feeblest conventionalities on painting is made in his *Italian Journey*! What an exhibition of pomposity and inappreciativeness do we find in his relations to Beethoven and Mendelssohn! Dr. Lübke is by no means a man of genius, or (as we should infer from this book) of taste; hence the result, where these qualities are required from a historian of art, is tame and unsatisfactory. But taste and vivid feeling for art as art are gifts so rarely found amongst Dr. Lübke's compatriots that their absence from German criticism must be readily condoned. What might, however, have been remedied is the ignorance which we trace everywhere in regard to the technical side of the writer's subject. His remarks on drapery, on low and high relief, and the like, are thoroughly vague and empty when stripped of those ample folds in which the professorial style rejoices; they bear no relation to the actual necessities under which the sculptor works; they give the reader no definite or useful rules of judgment. A greater contrast between modest taste and knowledge and this pseudo-philosophic pretentiousness cannot be found than by comparing Sir C. Eastlake's *Essay on the Elgin Frieze* with these portions of Dr. Lübke's performance.

The history opens, as we have said, with a brief sketch of Asiatic and Egyptian art. This is fairly executed, although the space allotted is insufficient to trace more than an outline, especially as the races reviewed have been precisely those amongst whom the "plastic art," so far as they could carry it, has been more fertile than amongst any others, the Greeks perhaps excepted. Dr. Lübke's plan of beginning each school with a philosophical sketch, intended to place the art to be reviewed in relation with the history of the race and the feelings of the period, has also wasted some pages. Such summaries may be of use to uneducated readers; the educated will know the absolute impossibility of reciting within a few paragraphs the circumstances which governed the hieratic art of Egypt, or which rendered possible the sculpture of the Parthenon. Greek art comes next; and here the author, following a vast number of careful investigators, to whose merits he does just and candid honour, has given a really valuable condensation of the little which, unhappily, is all that can now be recovered. Passing from generalities, he reviews with some skill the Hellenic schools, claiming for them in all substantial points an independent and "autochthonic" development, and confining any impulse from the East, perhaps a little too strictly, to simple technical elements. Greek sculpture is here divided into four main periods:—from its obscure beginnings to Phidias; thence to the end of the Peloponnesian war; then the brilliant and fertile age down to Alexander's death; lastly to the Roman conquest of Hellas. The after school, down to the transfer of central government to Constantinople, is dealt with under the head of Italian sculpture. We regard this as the most successful portion of the book; the discriminative criticism, if not marked by genius, is a fair summary of established opinion, and few persons would not find it an advantage to have such a manual in their memories when exploring the scattered fragments of that glorious art through the weariness of galleries and museums. Only here we must regret that Dr. Lübke's zeal has led him, in common with most who have written on this attractive subject, into giving an appearance of knowledge upon it for which we have in truth no adequate materials. This is that spurious "thoroughness" which, highly as we honour the real thing, is the curse of the modern German literary mind. To judge by the detailed criticism on the style of the great Greek masters and schools which this and similar books present, one would think that we were reading about this year's Exhibition, with plentiful and authentic examples of every artist before us. But what are the facts? We have literally (taking as one work every collected group) not above six examples throughout the whole range of genuine Greek sculpture to which we can with certainty ascribe the sculptor's name. Among these only one rated by the ancients in the first class is found, although in this case it is, happily, the greatest of them all. Even the list of marbles certainly belonging to the four periods specified by Dr. Lübke is excessively small; beyond our Museum, which contains incomparably the largest number, three rooms as large as the Elgin room would, we believe, lodge them all. The vast majority of antique sculptures are copies of no assignable date, and generally of no assignable value in reference to their lost originals. How then, it may be asked, have we this and so many other elaborate histories of Greek sculpture? The sad truth is that the bulk of these books, excepting their catalogues of names and subjects, is theoretical. The criticisms of the ancient world, comprising notices by men of the most different ages and powers of judgment, supply one part; the writers, anxious to fill up their wretchedly defective material, quote them all as authorities, Pliny's remarks

* *History of Sculpture from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time.* By Dr. W. Lübke. Translated by F. E. Bennett, with numerous illustrations. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

figuring on the same level with a notice by Plato, just as Mr. Buckle puts Thucydides and Zonaras, or the like, on an equality as historical witnesses. Another part is supplied by the copies just mentioned. A particular Aphrodite, let us say, praised, not by Romans—whom, on art, we find little above intelligent Turks—but by the Greeks themselves as divine, is conjecturally identified by a tiny outline upon a coin. Statues presenting the attitude thus identified are then assumed to be copies of the original; the insoluble question, how near the copy is to the original, is tacitly dropped, and forthwith the statue figures in the pages before us as the work of Praxiteles or Scopas. We do not deny that in this process of identification there is much of interest and of value. It does bring us nearer to a lost masterpiece. But that insoluble question, *how near?* is precisely the only one which is of vital moment. The rest is archaeology; it is history; it is not art. We will give an example in which the existence of an original enables us at once to test how wretched are the data upon which the bulk of criticism on the Greek sculptors rests. Suppose Raffaele's "San Sisto" were known to us only by such versions of it as we may all have seen in a cottage woodcut or a Christmas card. We might learn thus the subject of the picture, and something of the colour and the arrangement. But the approach which we should thus make to the real matter—the supreme beauty and majesty of the picture—would be small almost to infinity; and our criticism of the work would be meagre and conjectural in proportion. Yet this is a more favourable example than Greek sculpture can afford; our primary identification of the original and the copy being here assumed as beyond question.

With the sculpture of the middle ages we enter a field where the historian's task becomes very different. Several centuries pass before the art disengages itself from architectural exigencies and from its employment, with painting, in absolute deference to the practical purposes of religious edification. And until this period has passed there could be little place for that expression of individual feeling and thought which is of the very essence of the fine arts. Individuality, no doubt, was silently at work throughout, and many a *pictor* or *sculptor ignotus* may have put his best into his work, and animated his scholars with all the energy or ambition of a Titian or a Michael Angelo; only the bounds set by the age could not be overleapt. Dr. Lübke has taken great pains with this portion of his work, and has collected many long-observed indications of the early workmen and their ways. Yet, except as a piece of history, we think most readers will find his patient enumeration of the German and Italian early schools very tedious. The circle of sculptural subjects was inevitably small, and, although points of great merit may be discerned here and there, yet we must own at the end that mediæval sculpture was throughout sadly inferior to the architecture which it decorated. Excepting, of course (though not to the degree which some recent admirers require), the famous Italians of the Renaissance before 1500, there is also this great drawback from our interest in these early naïf artists, that their art came to no climax of perfection, but from the fourteenth century onwards really died away into affectation in France and England, into indescribable ugliness in Germany. Mediæval sculpture generally reminds one of Goethe's saying in the old German picture gallery at Cologne; "I see the flowers, but where is the fruit?" Dr. Lübke's labours in this field deserve our gratitude; but the work of really sifting and arranging the mediæval sculpture, so far as the work is desirable, can hardly be performed until much more trouble has been given to the subject, and until the materials are also much more completely assembled. Even parts of Italy have been little examined; Spain, we suppose the richest mine, is almost wholly passed over in this History—an immense deduction from its claims to thoroughness.

The rest of the Professor's work we can but briefly notice. In regard to the Italians of the great age his account, resting again on those antecedent labours without which no one man, however diligent, can hope to succeed in such an encyclopedic task, is pretty full; although we cannot say that his criticisms on Michael Angelo strike us as of any value. Coming to later times, the author is again oppressed by the multitude of sculptors of varying orders of merit. Here also a natural, but by no means philosophical, prejudice in favour of his own countrymen becomes curiously prominent—we might say predominant. No Frenchman would accept for a moment Dr. Lübke's meagre history of French sculpture; whilst for Englishmen it is enough to say that Flaxman, of all modern sculptors incomparably the most fertile in exquisite and appropriate design, is dismissed in a few lines to make room for the inevitable laudation of Thorwaldsen, whose hollow and pretentious pseudo-antiquarianisms we have on a former occasion sufficiently exposed. But Thorwaldsen worked under very learned German influences, and wasted considerable technical gifts in the attempt to re-embolden legends mostly lifeless except to the very learned. Could anything be more alien from the spirit of the real Greek art, that absolute expression of the whole national mind and of every one's common interests, than this? Yet we read that in Thorwaldsen "the antique seemed to revive with new glory." When we read such a sentence we should be disposed to question Dr. Lübke's capacity to write upon sculpture at all, did not his book contain many pages entitling him to the praise of having produced a work which, with all its faults, we may still recommend to the English public.

MINOR POETS.*

IT were much to be wished that the Poet Laureate had a monopoly of all Court versification, and was not only allowed, but even required, to prosecute any one who ventured to write in metre about the Queen or any member of the Royal Family. Nay, we would go even further than this; and would give him the exclusive privilege of writing poetry about any Royal personage who has died within these hundred and fifty years. He alone should lament the "late lamented" Prince Consort; while other melancholy bards who felt courtly disposed should be forced to content themselves with writing dirges on the death of Queen Anne. After all, there is nothing unreasonable in this. For if Alexander could publish an edict that no one should put him in a picture but Apelles, we might surely allow our gracious Queen to direct that no one should put her in a poem but Mr. Tennyson. No one, except perhaps the critics, would be so much a gainer by this arrangement as the Queen; for she would be free from those poetical offerings which are almost daily bestowed on her because there is no one else found good-natured enough to accept them. It would seem to be the case that the more exalted any one is the more he is troubled with the songs of the most contemptible of poets, just as it is the loftiest trees that sound most with the croakings of the crows. The author of the *Bright Spot near Osborne House, and other Poems*, thinks it necessary to inform the reader of the chief reason that has induced him "to make this short poem determine the title of the book." His readers—if, that is to say, he gets any—will, he may rest assured, be utterly indifferent to the title; and when once they have satisfied themselves with laughing at his tediousness, and at his arrogance in bestowing it all on Her Majesty, they will not be moved by learning that it has "obtained the Queen's most gracious acknowledgment." The Queen's state is indeed melancholy in this, that no sooner does Fate begin to shower upon her its blows than all the poets begin to shower their verses. The ancients believed that whenever a monarch had gained the height of prosperity, then the jealousy of the gods would give him a trip. They never, however, added insult to injury, nor imagined that in his fall the Muses would vent their spite by bringing upon him the worst of versifiers. Women too often have to mourn over the death of a husband and the illness of an eldest son; but all of them save one are allowed to mourn alone, and are left unperturbed by that consolation which is administered by the help of a rhyming dictionary. It is most unfortunate too for our Sovereigns that *King* and *Queen* are such tempting words for the poets, and, by the abundance of rhymes that can be found for them, are in themselves almost equal to an inspiration from the Muses. *King* perhaps had been almost worn threadbare by the hymn-writers, but *Queen* till within the last thirty-four years had been but little worked. In the first poem by "Glowworm" we have it rhyming with "seen," "been," "between," "serene," in addition to "sheen," which we find in the following verse that opens the poem:—

One Crown alone of regal state
Can deck a nation's sheen;
One brow alone of Monarchs great
Doth wear it like our Queen.

We think that Her Majesty, troubled as she is with such nonsense as this, might share her ancestor's hatred, if not for "Bainters," at least for "Boets." We must do the poet the justice to admit that he does not confine his muse entirely to the precincts of the Court. In one touching poem he tells us how

The sceptic's heart began to melt,
The fountain seal'd broke out in tears.

It would seem that, while

his child of tender years
Lay dying in a dismal room,

the sceptic, not merely content with directing him to

renounce the creed
Imparted in the Sabbath school,

wrote with chalk upon "the barefaced wall 'God is nowhere.'" Why he chose chalk to write upon a barefaced wall, which we presume is the poetical manner of describing a white-washed wall, we are not told. The child, however, read the sentence "*God-is-no-w-h-e-r-e*" with the happiest result in the instantaneous conversion of his infidel father. We only wish that as rapid and as easy a cure could be found for the poet as for the sceptic.

Mr. Herbert Randolph, the author of *So Far*, seems to have some suspicion that his poems, after all, may not be of the highest order of excellence. At all events, he thinks it needful to state, by way of preface, that "they are the result of much enforced leisure":—

Leisure is the couch of the mind, and to work at leisure is to work when lying at full length. Such work is of necessity unstable and unequal, fitful with hasty power and sudden feellessness. Half-successes which are whole-

* *The Bright Spot near Osborne House, and other Poems.* By Glowworm. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

So Far. By Herbert Randolph. London: John Camden Hotten. 1872.

Nuova Italia, or Tours and Retours through France, Switzerland, Italy, and Sicily. A Poem in Ten Cantos. By Nomentino, F.R.G.S. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1872.

Rheingold. A Romantic Legend in Eight Cantos. By John Baldwin Fosbrooke. London: Provost & Co. 1873.

faults, are as apparent in this book, to the author, as they can be to any one. Violent writing is almost unavoidable by a youth who, after a course of most frigid education, first tasted of liberty of thought and action in southern Italy.

When Mr. Randolph has published a few more poems he will not waste in a preface such a choice conceit as that "leisure is the couch of the mind." There is many a poet who, if he had got hold of such a thought as that, would have soon expanded it into a sonnet. How naturally, for instance, might be added "and poetry its coverlet," and how with a little thought a dozen conceits equally good might be invented! The story is told of an old epicure who groaned over the folly of a young fellow whom he saw wasting a fine appetite over a piece of mutton. With equal reason might an old poet groan over Mr. Randolph wasting such a fine fancy over a preface. While we are ready to go so far with the poet as to admit that there is a good deal of "feebleness" and a great many "whole-faults" apparent in this book, we cannot allow that the one is at all "sudden" or that the others are in any way "half-successes." There may be enough of "violent writing" in all truth, but feebleness and violent writing very well go hand in hand together. It is something new to find a poet asking for indulgence for his poems on account of the frigidness of his education. What Mr. Randolph means by a frigid education we do not pretend to know. If we might hazard a guess, we should surmise that his whole attention at school had been limited to the composition of nonsense-verses, and that when he talks of "liberty of thought and action" he refers to the liberty he now enjoys of being as nonsensical as ever, though not under compulsion. We are sorry to learn from another part of his preface that he does not "intend to give up writing." Mr. Toots, we remember, in Mr. Dickens's story, used to write long letters which no one ever read but himself. We much fear that Mr. Randolph, unless by a long course of prose composition he attains the difficult art of writing sense, will find that, even if he does not intend to give up writing poems, no one else intends to begin reading them. Who that gets to the second verse on the first page of *So Far* will not exclaim, when he reads such folly as we will now quote, "It may be *So Far*, but by heavens! it shall be no farther!"—

Who shaped each lid-lash in angelic spites
To a sting of love sprayed forth from lids of cream?
Doth young Love keep his mouth there much o' nights,
Sly of the sting, and pay for drink with dream,—
Slow crystals with the far shown fair, loosed through the stream?

As for Mr. Randolph, if he is tired of his "enforced leisure," and suffers from the defects of "a frigid education," we would respectfully advise him to return from "southern Italy," and to see if he can apprentice himself to some business where his literary tastes might still be gratified, and where at the same time a little sense might be gradually cultivated. When a man has gone so far as to write about "a swift-blown twilight now by dainty ear," "a sea-plunge is thine hair behind," "Moon-maiden, of the wild star distance-tame," "the checked sea's very beard," "blare wind, flare sun, and let the green trees sprout," and all the rest of it, it is high time that he should be called upon, now that he has acquired the art of expressing his meaning, to see if he can acquire some meaning to express. If happily there should chance to be a vacancy in Mr. Bradshaw's office, we think that Mr. Randolph might get rid of a good deal of nonsense, and at the same time find his aspirations as a man of letters not altogether unsatisfied, if he were for a year or so to find work there in the composition of the Railway Guide. To fill up any "enforced leisure," he might give the world a metrical version of the alphabetical list of steamers. He would be certainly more usefully employed than in the composition of such a song as the following:—

Blind, blind,
Gilden rind
No bird shall peck, agree?
Say, say
Shall she stay
The Love-bird in Life-tree,
Peck, peck,
Sleepy-neck,
The gilden fruits that be?

The author of *Nuova Italia* informs us that "he lately left Italy standing statue-like, triumphant, amidst the ruins of empires, principalities, and powers, temporal, spiritual, and eternal." Without pretending to know whether it is Italy that is temporal, spiritual, and eternal, or the empires, principalities, and powers, or the ruins, we are glad nevertheless to learn that he left her in such an upright position. Her posture is all the more creditable to her as she has only just come forth from "struggles to shake off the constricting coils of superstition and oppression that threatened to strangle her," in which she had, however, the gratification of knowing that one English poet was "watching her." After such struggles as these she might surely have been excused if, instead of "standing statue-like," she had stretched herself on that "couch of the mind" which Mr. Randolph, who has also visited Italy, tells us of. Should any other of our poets shortly visit Italy, we should be glad to hear that she had got a little cramped in her statue-like position, however triumphant it might be, and had come down to look after a few abuses which, whether temporal or spiritual, seemed destined unfortunately to be eternal. Before the brigands or the floods are quite got rid of, we fear we should be more

than resigned to learn that the one or the other had carried off all the English poets who happened to be within their reach. We do not know if we are quite hard-hearted enough to desire the destruction of the poets themselves. It might be sufficient if the floods swept all their manuscripts down into the Adriatic, or the brigands turned them to some good account every time they lighted their pipes or their fire. If ever, indeed, it is pleasant *e terra magnum alterius spectare laborem*—how doubly pleasant it must be when we know that it is a poet who is in danger on the flood, and that he bears all his poems with him. We may justly feel more aggrieved with Italy than with any other country for allowing two such poets to escape her; for a glorious example was once set in her capital of tearing a poet to pieces for his bad verses. How the author of *Nuova Italia* and Mr. Randolph escaped while poor Cinna was torn to pieces, we can only explain on the supposition that a "statue-like" position, however triumphant, is not favourable for action. There are indeed certain whitewashers of humanity who, vindicating the character of the mob, as others have vindicated the characters of Tiberius, Henry VIII., and Robespierre, maintain that it was not Cinna, but Cinna's verses, that were torn to pieces. It was only, they go on to say, the indignation of some poet who feared that his works might justly suffer a like treatment that led to the perversion of the history of what was in reality an act of the most righteous vengeance. As for ourselves, we shall not pretend to decide so knotty a point, nor shall we pretend to think it of much importance, so long as something is torn to pieces, whether it be the poet or his poems. The author of *Nuova Italia*, if he is no poet, is at all events a conscientious narrator. He does not think it right to sing of Italy, whether new or old, without telling his readers how he went there and how he returned. He cannot either leave London or return to London without singing of "the smoke and sooty blacks," and urging his countrymen "a new Smoke Act to shape." We cannot follow him in his careful descriptions of the whole route through Paris and Geneva to Italy. He hopes that his poems "will add to the enjoyment of many a leisure hour at home." If our readers, after reading the two following stanzas, which we have selected almost at random, find them to their taste, we are happy to be able to inform them that there are some eight hundred more or so all after the same pattern:—

Behold the great Napoleonic way!
That model masterpiece of engineering,
Fit for the heaviest gun, or largest dray;
Triumphant, o'er the Simplon pass careering;
Proof against landslides, storms, and avalanches,
Or falling pine trees with their roots and branches.

Whilst like a Triton leader in persistence;
A spermaceti whale begins to snort
His bright parabolas, far in the distance,
And looms just like a jolly-boat, in short,
And lightning flashes 'neath the dark horizon,
On which the weather-wise all set their eyes on.

Rheingold, as we are told in the preface, "is the principal produce" of Mr. Fosbroke's "twenty-first year." We hardly know which of the two to admire the more, the luxuriance of the growth of that particular season, or the utter worthlessness of the produce. Mr. Fosbroke does not inform us why he lays before us this chance bit of personal history. It may be that he wishes to set us thinking, if he can write so well at the age of twenty-one, how well he will write when he has reached the advanced age of say twenty-five. He may also wish to lead the calculating reader to estimate how many lines he will write should his life be as much lengthened out as his first poem. An examiner in arithmetic might find some interesting questions on this subject which would present an agreeable variety in the next paper he sets. He might ask, for instance, if Mr. Fosbroke produces six thousand lines in his twenty-first year, how many lines at the same rate will he have written if he lives till he is fourscore? and if Mr. Fosbroke for every thousand lines he writes has one reader, how many readers will he have had by the end of his life? Our only apprehension for him is lest, long before he reaches that period, he may, as Alexander had to weep because there were no more lands left for him to conquer, in his turn have to weep because there are no more subjects left for him to write about. A man who at the advanced age of twenty-one "seeks to illustrate the great problem of why evil should exist," will, long before he is fifty, find nothing worthy of his pen. Perhaps, however, by that time he may have had an attack of the gout; and, instead of troubling his head with the question why evil should exist in the universe, will have all his faculties fully employed in wondering why it should exist in his gouty toe. At present we have no doubt Mr. Fosbroke is blessed with the best of digestions and the rudest of health; for we have noticed that they who speculate most on the origin of evil are those who suffer from it the least. We must do him the justice to admit that he does "not pretend to throw any new light" upon this great problem, but is contented with "suggesting some cheering reflections thereon." Cheering reflections are very well in themselves, but then six thousand lines of them! He would seem to be a kind of homeopathist in his treatment, for he tries to cure our sufferings by making us suffer. But then he should remember that the homeopathic treatment requires the smallest of doses, and will never allow the drug that is to excite symptoms similar to those of the disease to be admin-

istered in such quantities as to increase by tenfold the original suffering. Long as *Rheingold* is, it is only one in a series. "Let the public," the poet says, "give but some encouragement, and they shall speedily be presented, not only with its predecessor, but with its successors both in prose and verse." The public has fair warning, and if it is weak enough to give any encouragement, it knows what it will bring on its own head. Unfortunately—and this is a part of the great problem of evil—it does not suffer alone, for it is on the innocent critic that, after all, the chief burden falls. As perhaps the public, however, would never have known of Mr. Foscroke's existence save from our columns, we may be to a certain extent to blame. If, after reading the six lines which we will now quote, it feels inclined to give any encouragement, we hope that it will first read the rest of the six thousand before it complies with its inclinations:—

This knight was German, and the banks of Rhine
Beheld his deeds, his tourneys and his wine.
—But being German on the German Rhine,
No destiny could possibly confine
His life within the boundaries material
Of mortals born in regions less ethereal.

Mr. Foscroke says, "I leave it to my readers to determine whether I have any claim to the title 'poet.'" As we doubt whether he will have any readers, we think it best to leave the decision to our readers.

GRACE TOLMAR.*

CLEVER and careful as *Grace Tolmar* is, it has a curious undertone of imitation running through it, reminding one partly of Owen Meredith, partly of the analytical school of French novelists. Perhaps the theme of unlawful love demands a fixed kind of treatment which creates a certain family likeness among all the expositions thereof. Details of passion have to be carefully suppressed, yet the fact of an overwhelming passion has to be kept steadily before the reader; an incessantly recurring moral and mental analysis must throw a subtle air of fate over the various stages which lead down into sin; and the purity of the original nature of the woman must exculpate her from blame, and whitewash her questionable life. Then there must be certain accessories. The woman's wondrous beauty of an entrancing and spiritual type excuses the man; the man's marvellous powers of mind, coupled with the humblest worship and the deepest devotion, excuse the woman. They must be persecuted by evil-minded people who have inconvenient prior claims; and hampered by cruel laws which do not recognize free love. If the scene is laid in Hungary or in Italy, the local colour gives an additional charm, at least to us dull islanders. The one place is so far away that we scarcely feel our morality responsible for what happens there; the other has been so long the prescriptive domain of love and adultery that we naturally look for a repetition of the old tale, and know beforehand to what the scents of flowers and moonlight skies are sure to lead. Still, in spite of its well-worn theme, *Grace Tolmar* is by no means an ordinary novel; and for all its undertone of imitation, it has been both boldly conceived and sharply executed.

One thing, however, strikes us as untrue; Grace is not English. Neither in character nor person has she a trace of her nationality, and we think that part of her charm was lost in describing her as of our race. She is too subtle, too indefinite, and, we would add, too metaphysical, for an Englishwoman. We do not say that the sinuous, subtle, introspective British matron is impossible; but it is not the national ideal; and Grace Tolmar would have been more harmoniously nationalized had she been described as French or Italian. Neither would the circumstances of her life have impressed an Englishwoman so powerfully. She would not have felt the impossibility of freeing herself from them as Grace did. A young woman who had been entrapped into a marriage with a hoary-headed villain whom she has always loathed, who has a child by him, and then discovers that she is not really married to him, he having committed the playful offence of bigamy, would not have felt herself bound by such indissoluble ties as those which Grace Tolmar suffered to fetter her, and on which she therefore founds her excuse for falling into sin. And when we remember that the Marchese, her pseudo-husband, has been forced to make himself dead to escape the consequences of some crime—not confided to the reader—we can only wonder at the self-torturing perversity which causes her to hold herself unable to marry any one else. We wonder still more why she does not fling herself into the arms of her lover when he opens them to her, and begin life afresh as Robert Pole's wedded wife. She does not denounce her pseudo-husband's infamy, she says, because of the stain of illegitimacy which would thus rest on her little daughter. Granted. But when the Marchese is civilly and socially defunct, why is she so weak as to allow him to threaten, persecute, spy after her? He could not claim her child. Both as an illegitimate father and a dead man his powers were absolutely nil; and he could not have broken his agreement to pay a large proportion of the revenue of his estates into Madame Tolmar's hands, as he must then have declared himself alive, when he would have to be punished for the crime he had committed against

society and his wife; which contingency his making himself dead was to avoid. We would ask, however, as a matter of curiosity, by what means he managed still to receive the revenues of his estates? We had an idea that land was held in Italy on somewhat the same conditions as in England; and that when the holder of large estates was supposed to be dead, the revenues would pass into the keeping of the lawful heir, whoever he might be, ghosts not being eligible as landowners.

Mr. Dangerfield is fond of working on shadows which have no substantiality, and of weaving his tangled web of life out of spider's threads which a single honest breath could blow away. His hero, Robert Pole, contents himself with appearances and inner convictions, and never seems to think it necessary to have practical demonstration that what he imagines is true. If Grace looks pre-occupied or paler than usual, he understands the whole direful line of thought and action that has led to this heart-breaking result; and he does not stop to make sure that his suspicions of treachery, loss of love, and universal cataclysm of hope and life, are well founded. He is a restless, self-torturing kind of person, introspective to a distracting extent, and unable to accept anything with simplicity; an eminently uncomfortable man to deal with, and sure to wreck himself on shoals and rocks which, had he been of a healthier nature, he would have avoided. Madame Tolmar and he play a curious game of cross-purposes throughout. Now he is uncertain of her love, and breaks his heart against the doubt he has set up with his own hands; now she is sceptical of his, and because he has business in England, assumes that this is only a ruse to get rid of her. Whereupon she takes to flight on her own account, crosses over to London, and hides herself from her lover to save him the pain of an open desertion. Finally, however, they get this great question of doubt so far settled that they come together again by chance and with rapture; and so are happy for a time. But their happiness is always of that vague, trembling, uncertain kind, which carries no peace, because no security, with it; and which one longs to see consolidated by free speech and frank confession. Doubt, which the unhealthier sort of lovers swear is inseparable from true love, and which the nobler kind repudiate as a sort of high treason to loyalty, is the ruin of Madame Tolmar and Robert Pole. They can bring themselves neither to trust nor yet to confide. Madame Tolmar's whole life is a mystery which she expects Robert to accept with unquestioning faith; but she has not enough trustfulness on her own side to put herself frankly into his hands, and make him her confidant as well as her lover. Consequently evil days befall them, as it is easy to foresee; and it is only after the one is dead that the fair fame of the other is cleared. The author must forgive us if we confess to a certain impatience with this kind of portraiture. We do not deny its cleverness, the opportunity it affords for a thousand subtle and ingenious touches, and the skill required to give so much consistency to all the obstructive shadows which steal about the plot and get into the way of everybody's happiness as shall preserve our interest while damaging our tempers. But, in spite of the technical cleverness demanded, the result is not pleasant; and, for our own part, we prefer the tragedies which come from the fateful tyranny of circumstances to those which are made to spring from mistaken doubts and morbid feelings. The cruel power of the one is intelligible; but when a single frank word, a single moment of self-surrender and confession, would blow the others to the winds, it does chafe us to find that no one has the honesty to tell the truth and throw light into the dark places; and that consequently people live in pain and die in sorrow all because of absurd mistakes and baseless misunderstandings.

The villain of the book who comes to the front is Count Rehden, though the Marchese Tolmar, the heroine's husband, is the main rascal of the story. But he never appears. The description of the Count is a good piece of work:—

He was a man of not ignoble sentiments, manners or appearance: a tall, well-built, fair man of between twenty-five and thirty years. A face not, to me, particularly attractive in its expression, but singularly handsome; of the fine North-German, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired type. What I chiefly liked about Count Rehden was a certain resolute, frank, military set of the features—an expression to which the German type lends itself not unkindly.

There is a class of men of few but not feeble emotions, whose judgment of things is so clear, whose reasoning is so just, whose whole conduct is so logically deducible from their characters, whose feelings and whose reason are so nicely balanced, that the world has agreed to accept their class of character as the most perfect type; but their judgment is clear only because it is not apt to be distorted by their feelings, their reasoning is just because the sphere of their arguments is narrow. No counteracting impulses hinder their resolves; no weakness of purpose nor violence of passion moderates the severity of their judgment.

Such was Count Rehden; a man of blunt sensibilities, and therefore of limited, but so far as they extended, not seemingly unkindly sympathies: logical in his conclusions, but by his very nature harsh and inexorable in abiding by them. He classified the weaknesses and emotions and passions of human nature as a botanist classifies his plants, and his limited mental vision never permitted him to reverse a decision which the whole force of his mind had been employed to arrive at; never perceiving that all human actions were not caused by motives as simple as the machinery of his own ideas and sensations.

What community of thought or feeling could there be between this man and me, whose former experience is thrown aside as every fresh event occurs: whose judgment is a painful weighing of each various and varying impulse, whose conclusions, even when formed, are reversed on the slightest grounds?

In this last sentence we have the key to the character of Robert Pole, and all the disasters which accumulate on his head; and in

* *Grace Tolmar*. A Novel. By John Dangerfield. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1872.

the character of the Count, though there is not a line as yet hinting at the villany which develops as the story proceeds, we can see how baseness once adopted would be persevered in, and how no scruples of conscience would come to torment a mind which neither questioned nor doubted. "In politics an absolutist, in philosophy a materialist, in religion nearly a sceptic," he was sure to do evil if the temptation came in his way, and his selfish appetites were aroused. But is it quite like life to say only "nearly a sceptic"? We would have said entirely. Had he possessed any kind of vital faith, save in a man's own strength of will and self-assertion, he would have had so much of a conscience, and he would scarcely then have played the shameful part assigned him. Indeed, as it is, cynical, conscienceless, sceptical as the man is, we question the truth of his action. He might have betrayed his friend; men do that every day; and to win the woman he loved, in the way in which such men do love women, he might have condescended to any act of treacherous stratagem, to any falsehood both of word and deed that would further his object. But before this, before he had begun to love Grace, would he have lent himself to the husband's baseness as he did? A man like Count Rehden is a villain on his own account; but he does not make a good tool, absolutism and subserviency not running well together. This we think a grave oversight in Mr. Dangerfield. Also we demur to the theory of the Count's cowardice. We know well enough that there are pumpkins among men—creatures who look the very essence of magnificence, and are in reality the very essence of meanness. But they are difficult to portray. Those shifting kaleidoscopic views of character are as impossible to give in literature as it is impossible to give the transitoriness of action in sculpture. We understand the typical qualities in the one, the lines of arrested motion in the other; but not the complex diversities which produce harmony in the living man, nor the attempt to convey the idea of actual, fluent, unstable motion in the other. Nevertheless, with all its mistakes and shortcomings, *Grace Tolmar* is a noticeable work, and shows considerable power in the author. There are touches in it of real mastery, and we hope to see sterling work from Mr. Dangerfield before we have done with him.

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